

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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DANTE.

BY PROF. O. M. SPENCER.

"PLANTS of great vigor," says Margaret Fuller, "will almost always struggle into blossom despite impediments." While mediocrity bows submissively to a fickle fortune, or a blind fatality, genius proves itself to be superior to both. Like the palm-tree, or the rebel flower, the more it is trampled upon or the heavier the pressure, the more it flourishes.

Great minds are not subject to the fates. They rather rule them. They are lords of the *may*, not slaves of the *must*. To such the shadows of life, like shading on the artist's canvas, only serve to bring out form and character in bolder relief.

Homer and Milton in their blindness said, "Let there be light, and there was light." The *homo sum* of Terence, though a slave, thrilled a Roman theater. And Tasso, too poor to buy a candle, was one of the greatest lights of Italian literature. Such are great in spite of circumstances.

Others are great in spite of themselves. They have greatness thrust upon them. A trifling incident or a single misfortune inaugurates the birthday of a new and nobler life. Thoughts, like sparks of electricity, are only emitted when the current is broken, and talent, as latent heat in an iron bar, must be brought out between the hammer and the anvil.

The genius of Shakspeare was christened by a satirical ballad, in which imposing ceremony Sir Thomas Lucy, who had prosecuted him for deer-stealing, stood by as godfather. But for this he might have been a woolstapler or a country attorney. Now, as the idol of English literature, he sings,

"Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like a toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in her head."

The misfortune of poets has been the good for—
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tune of literature, and their poverty has been greatly productive of intellectual wealth. The birthplace of Don Quixotte and the Pilgrim's Progress was a dungeon. Dryden wrote for bread, Camoens for a hospital, and Butler for a grave. Goldsmith, the "poor Æsculapius of Bankside," was ever at the mercy of the bookseller to protect himself from the writs of the bailiff. Cowper, the sandal-tree of sacred poetry, poured forth his sweetest measures under the heaviest strokes of affliction. So with Dante. The wandering exile,

"Led through a sad variety of woe,"

became a shining landmark in the world's literature. He might have continued a prosperous Chief Prior of Florence, but then he could never have given a sublime utterance to ten voiceless centuries.

Dante, or more properly Durante, Aleghieri was born at Florence in May, 1265. The memorable spot is still pointed out in the Via Ricciarda, where a marble tablet, over a high narrow door of antique form, distinguishes the site which otherwise retains no traces of antiquity. At an early age he had the misfortune to lose his father, who was of a very ancient family, having descended from Cacceaguida, a celebrated Florentine knight. Of his early education we know but little more than that he was a pupil of the distinguished Brunetto Latini.

Before he had scarcely completed his ninth year, he formed a strong attachment for Beatrice Portinari, a beautiful girl of his own age and rank, whose name he has immortalized in song. She was, however, wedded to another, and shortly after died. But the impression thus made upon the susceptible nature of the future poet was never to be effaced. She was lost—lost to all but Dante, before whose eye, anticipating the dim hereafter, she seemed forever fitting like some

beautiful vision of paradise. Of the Divina Commedia she may almost be said to be the heroine, in which she is represented as descending

"In a cloud
Of flowers, that from her hands angelic rose,
And down within and outside of the car
Fell showering,"

to open for her sorrow-stricken lover the portals of paradise. She then conducts him through its various circles up to the bright empyrean, where he sees the triumph of the angels, the souls of the blessed, and gazes upon the river of life,

"From whose amber-seeming waves
Flashed up effulgence, as they glided on
'Twixt banks, on either side, painted with spring,
Incredible how fair: and, from the tide,
There ever and anon, outstarting, flew
Sparkles instinct with life; and in the flowers
Did set them, like to rubies chased in gold:
Then, as if drunk with odors, plunged again
Into the wondrous flood; from which, as one
Re-enter'd, still another rose."

Benvenuto da Imola relates that Dante studied philosophy at Florence, Bologna, and Padua, and afterward theology at the University of Paris. From an allusion in Boccaccio, confirmed by the authority of Giovanni da Serraville, it is highly probable that he even visited England, and was at one time a student of theology at Oxford. On his return to Italy he exchanged his character of theologian for that of soldier, and spent several years in successful campaigning.

In 1291, when in his twenty-seventh year, he married Gemma de Donati, a lady of noble birth, by whom he had five sons and a daughter. This connection, however, owing to her violent temper, and his own keen susceptibilities, proved an unhappy one, and finally resulted in a separation. His own domestic infelicity may have suggested the exclamation of one of his characters in the *Inferno*,

"Me, my wife
Of savage temper, more than aught beside,
Hath to this evil brought."

In 1300 Dante, unfortunately for himself, but fortunately for the world, was chosen Chief Prior of his native city, an event to which he ascribed all his subsequent misfortunes. Florence was at that time divided between the factions of the Neri and Bianchi. The former generally sided with the Guelphs, or adherents of the Pope, the latter with the Ghibelines, or adherents of the emperor. Although Dante appears to have exercised his authority in an impartial manner, he was suspected and accused of favoring the Bianchi. Accordingly in 1302, when, through the influence

of Charles of Valois and Pope Boniface VIII, the Neri gained the ascendancy, he, together with all the leaders of the Bianchi, was banished, and owing to his failure or inability to pay a fine imposed upon him of 8,000 lire, he was further punished by the sequestration of all his property, and subsequently condemned to be burnt alive. Dante, who was at that time at Rome on a pacific mission to the Pope, hearing the tidings of his calamity, immediately quitted the city and joined his companions in exile. They repaired to a small castle near Arezzo, where they organized their forces by the appointment of Count Alessandro da Romena as their leader, and the selection of the banished prior as one of a council of twelve.

After making an unsuccessful attempt to regain his authority in Florence, Dante left Tuscany and took refuge at the court of Verona. Here he found in Signori della Scala a patron and benefactor, and might have found a safe retreat. But his proud, sarcastic genius, imbittered by misfortune, was not such stuff as courtiers are made of. When asked by the Prince of Verona how he could account for the fact that the court-fool was in greater favor with princes than the philosopher, he replied with bitterness, "Similarity of mind is the source of friendship the world over."

For this, or some other reason, he quitted the city and commenced his wanderings through various parts of Italy. In 1306 we find him in Padua, and in 1307 with the Marchese Morello in Lunigiana. After making several unsuccessful efforts to effect his restoration to Florence, the unfortunate exile now abandoned all hope of ever being restored to his native city, and again commenced his wanderings. He had struggled long to be Lord Mayor of Florence, but a nobler destiny awaited him. As the bee extracts honey from the wormwood flower, so was he to eliminate from sorrow and misfortune the elements of a future greatness, that will live when Florence and Verona, with all their princes and podestats, are forgotten.

The history of Poesy is a record of suffering. It is said that the nightingale leans her breast against a thorn when she sings. And so with the poet. The deeper his sufferings, the sweeter his song. Prosperity may teach him how to rhyme, but never to sing. Poetry is conceived like the pearl, and brought forth like the thunderbolt. Nor the poet alone. He, whoever he may be,

"Who has not known ill-fortune, never knew
Himself, or his own virtue."

Dante the prior now becomes Dante the poet. In the monastery of Santa Croce, in the castles

of Colmollaro, or wandering in the mountains of Urbino, he sings his plaintive song. It has made him "lean for many years," is drinking up his heart's blood, nevertheless he sings on. Swan-like he dies in music—dies of a broken heart, and finds an exile's tomb.

"Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps afar,
Like Scipio buried by the upbraiding shore."

He died September 14, 1321, and was buried in the Church of the Minorites at Ravenna, where, in 1483, a splendid monument was erected to his memory by Bernardo Bembo, a Venetian nobleman.

The Florentines, after the death of their neglected poet, vainly endeavored to atone for their past injustice by idolizing his memory. They entreated the inhabitants of Ravenna to permit them to remove his body to his native city; but although these entreaties were subsequently renewed under the auspices of Michael Angelo and the Pope, the people of Ravenna perseveringly refused to surrender the honored remains of the illustrious exile. His countrymen must needs content themselves with the honors of an empty tomb—an urn without its ashes. In 1829 a colossal monument was erected to the memory of the poet in Santa Croce, the "Westminster Abbey of Florence," though his ashes yet repose upon the sea-shore at Ravenna.

Dante is still the idol of the Etruscan Athens. Never did the Athenians, after the execution of Socrates, pay more marked respect to his memory than do the Florentines to that of Dante. You are every-where convinced, in passing through the streets of the city, that he is its presiding genius. Every-where, in public or private, from the bath-room to the baptistery, from the cafe to the cathedral, you are reminded by bust or portrait, fresco or tablet, of the greatest of Italian poets. While walking one evening in the Piazza del Duomo, I was struck with the *particularity* of this posthumous idolatry. The spot where formerly stood a stone on which the poet used occasionally to sit, is now marked by a marble slab with the inscription, "*Sasso di Dante*."

"Dante was a man of middle stature and grave deportment; of a visage rather long; large eyes; an aquiline nose; dark complexion; large and prominent cheek-bones; black curling hair and beard; his under lip projecting beyond the upper." Boccaccio describes him as a man of firm character, but yet of a gentle and engaging disposition. Subsequently, however, his life being imbibed by long-continued suffering, he became gloomy, taciturn, and sarcastic. All his portraits are char-

acterized by a remarkably sad and melancholy expression. "I think," says Carlisle, referring to the celebrated portrait by Giotto, "it is the mournfullest face that ever was painted from reality; an altogether tragic, heart-affecting face. There is in it, as foundation of it, the softness, tenderness, gentle affection as of a child; but all this is as if congealed into sharp contradiction, into abnegation, isolation, proud hopeless pain."

We had thought to speak of Dante's Latin treatises, and to introduce some passages from his minor poems, but time and space forbid. "His prose productions," says Bouterwek, "are worthy to stand by the side of the best works of antiquity." Of these the *Vita Nuova* gives an account of his youthful attachment to Beatrice. His lyric poems and Canzoni, written at different periods of his life, are, many of them, dull and unintelligible; others again are full of tenderness and passion, and speak the deepest emotions of the heart.

But Dante's reputation rests chiefly upon his *Divina Commedia*. The poet is conducted through hell and purgatory by Virgil, and then accompanied through paradise by Beatrice.

"This poem," says Cary, "seizes on the heart by its two great holds, terror and pity; detains the fancy by an accurate and lively delineation of the objects it represents; and displays throughout such an originality of conception, as leaves to Homer and Shakspeare alone the power of challenging the pre-eminence or equality."

While it has inspired the genius of Alfieri and Corneille, Milton and Byron, Goethe and Schiller, in fact, of almost every imaginative writer of any note in modern times, it has passed through more than eighty editions during the last half century, while it has enlisted the services of a greater number of commentators than that of any other author since the revival of letters.

Dante may not only be considered as the father of Italian poetry, but as the founder of Italian literature; for, before his time, Latin was the language employed for all the purposes of elegant and dignified composition. His *Inferno* bears a similar relation to modern as the *Iliad* did to ancient poetry, and in one respect, at least, Dante is superior to Homer. While Homer has greater breadth of intellect, Dante has greater depth of feeling. He had suffered, and he could paint suffering; he had felt, and he could portray feeling. Carlisle says that Dante is "world-great not because he is world-wide, but because he is world-deep." The penetrating intensity of his genius pierces like lightning. A single sentence often smites like a thunderbolt. Take, for example,

the inscription over the gates of hell in words as follows :

"All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

Or this,

"What doth aggrieve them thus,
That they lament so loud? He straight replied:
That will I tell thee briefly. *These of death
No hope may entertain.*"

His mind, like a powerful sun-glass, converges the luminous rays of thought, till it burns into your very soul. Not content with painting a passion by its external signs, by a single stroke, he lays bare the naked heart, and lights up the very fires of passion itself. His words, like burning arrows, first pierce and then inflame. See those *red* minarets of the city of Dis, gleaming *vermilion* and *ruddy* with eternal flame. Or those naked spirits in the seventh circle, who are tormented by a perpetual shower of burning sand falling like flakes of "fiery snow"—an incessant snow-storm of eternal fire.

"O'er all the sand fell slowly wafting down
Dilated flakes of fire, as flakes of snow
On Alpine summit, when the wind is hush'd.
* * * *

So fell the eternal fiery flood, wherewith
The marl glow'd underneath, as under stove
The viands, doubly to augment the pain.
Unceasing was the play of wretched hands
Now this, now that way glancing, to shake off
The heat, still falling fresh."

See, too, those burning tombs in which the souls of heretics are tormented—living sepulchers of fire, glowing throughout like red-hot furnaces. "Lamentable moans" issue from beneath their suspended lids, to be closed at the day of judgment throughout eternity. Or that lake of boiling pitch, forever bubbling, into which the souls of sinners are plunged by "devils black," and as they forthwith rise writhing to the surface, they are assailed by a hundred demons, who grapple them with as many hooks, and plunge them again beneath the boiling flood of liquid fire. What a graphic and vivid picture! You not only see all this, but you *feel* it. There is here such a microscopic minuteness of description that the mere creations of fancy are invested with the air of living, palpable realities. We see them at once, and we see them forever. Our flesh creeps, our blood curdles as if we had witnessed the massacre of St. Bartholomew, or the horrible tortures of the Spanish Inquisition, and an impress is made on the memory that time never is able to wear out.

But intensity is not the only characteristic of Dante's genius. He is a great artist withal.

What an assemblage of horrible images, in terrible grouping, have we here!

"Here sighs, with lamentations and loud moans,
Resounded through the air pierced by no star,
That e'en I wept at entering. Various tongues,
Horrible languages, outcries of woe,
Accents of anger, voices deep and hoarse,
With hands together smote that swell'd the sounds,
Made up a tumult, that forever whirled
Round through that air with solid darkness stain'd,
Like to the sand that in the whirlwind flies."

Then, too, his invention, imagination, and fancy seem utterly inexhaustible. The descriptions of hell, which, in the epics of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, were but brief episodes, in Dante's *Inferno* occupy the entire poem of thirty-four cantos. And yet such is his infinite fertility of resource, that he sustains the interest undiminished to the very last.

More than five centuries have elapsed since the immortal Florentine sung his "mystic, unfathomable song," and yet its sad and plaintive strains fall upon the ear like the "wail of an Eolian harp." The sorrow-stricken Dante, with his mournful cadences and pensive sadness, has passed away, but his melancholy music has penetrated the heart of the world.

PEACE.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

THERE fell upon my soul a shadow dreary—

'T was the heart's evening following its day—
With its long thought my toiling brain was weary,
And scarce could frame the prayer my lips would say.

In the soul's oratorio kneeling lowly,
Thus with the Giver of my life I plead:
"O! let the seraph Peace, high-browed and holy,
Bind her white flowers about my aching head."

All my sad soul dissolved in that petition;
Then to my prayer a still, small voice replied,
"Peace, of love's labor is the glad fruition;
The heritage that waits the furnace-tried."

Then, answer made I none; my heart was shaken;
As the spent dove, held by the hungry hawk,
So was my soul by gray-winged Dread o'ertaken,
And felt strange fears its bitter anguish mock.

Then said I to my soul, "Where is thy labor?
And where the cure thy healing touch hath wrought?
Hast thou sought out thy sorrowing friend or neighbor,
And fed him with the bread of holy thought

Hast thou not loved thyself; O! mournful spirit,
More than all things upon the earth that be?
Thou hast. Then thine own bitter thoughts inherit;
For the white flowers of Peace are not for thee—

Never for thee, until thou hast forgotten
Thy selfish sorrows in another's woe!
Then shall sweet Peace, of love and truth begotten,
Around thy brow her snowy chaplet throw."

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

I SAILED from Britain not long ago for Montreal, and a few notices of the trip will probably be found of interest.

We soon got clear of the land and began to creep slowly westward. Nothing worth naming happened till we had been a week out. In the interval every body got seasick, and on terms of the closest intimacy. On the eighth day, however, it began to blow, and we soon had a stiff gale and a bad head-sea, into which the ship struck heavily, and in which she rolled as only an iron-laden ship can roll. Sail after sail was taken in, and at length the men went aloft to reef the maintop. Now I never like to see men out on a yard in rough weather, and on this occasion I felt very uncomfortable, and wished heartily that they were all safely down again. Poor fellows! there were but few of them, and slowly did they gather in the canvas and make fast the respective *points*—now sinking down toward the water as the yard dipped, and now thrown high in air as it swung to the other side. I watched them intently. A few minutes more and all would be done; but there was a doomed man among them, and suddenly he lost his hold, and fell face on into the water, as it hissed by us like a caldron. There were few people on deck. Those who were rushed to the side only to see him hurried along the quarter and astern, helpless, although he swam well, and hopeless, though he was very young. I ran upon the poop; the captain and mate were already there. They undid the life-buoy, which always hangs near the wheel; but it was too late. Already the lad was beyond human reach, and every moment swept him further away. No boat could live in such a sea, and we could do nothing. Then each looked in horror at the other, and again at the strong swimmer, as he fiercely struck the water, battling for life. He uttered no cry, and we never spoke. The silence was only broken by the angry surge and the wild whistle of the winds. For a few minutes he rose on every crested wave, and struggled through the awful hollow beyond, to rise again on the further side. Then we looked in vain, for he had gone down, and no trace of him was ever seen. All this was accomplished in a shorter time than I have taken to trace these lines.

Most strange! a soul had passed. Why?—whither? And while this miserable woe was accomplished in that miserable ocean, other men and women were safe, happy, and all unconscious of the terrors and agonies of that young and now

hidden, but yet warm heart. Ah! most true and solemn it is, that

"Death comes in unexpected forms,
At unexpected hours."

Next morning the storm was past, but the sky looked gloomy, and every one was sad. Two or three days afterward I saw the captain inspecting the list of his crew, and he marked out one name, writing opposite it, "Drowned at sea."

We had now some weeks of baffling winds, wearisome calms, and little progress. Still our days passed pleasantly. Their monotony was broken by the efforts we made to pacify our increasing appetites by long walks and talks on the quarter-deck, on the part of those who had not contrived what is always so desirable in long voyages, to chalk out some useful occupation for their time. There was, however, plenty to observe.

"Dirty Allan" made his appearance. The party thus euphoniously distinguished by the sailors is a sea-bird, who questionless merits his title. In his ways of living he is one of the shabbiest of the "feathered people." Like a good many of our own species, he prefers filching to working, and takes more trouble to get a stolen dinner than would suffice to procure him a couple of honest ones. And yet he is active, and as able to forage for himself as any of his smaller acquaintances. His practice is to sneak about among his little neighbors, and whenever he sees a poor fellow catch a fish, to make after him. Away then fly the two. The fugitive, by melancholy experience, has a shrewd guess as to the probable issue of the affair; but he takes his chance and swallows his bill full. Perhaps he may get clear with it. "Dirty Allan," however, is resolved that he shall disgorge. On they go. The pirate flies fastest. He is close on his prey. Still there is no sign of disgorging; but the smaller bird is making up his mind, and when he sees that he really can not save both his feathers and his dinner, he drops the latter into the water, and, freed from a weight which may be one-third of his own, he quickens his speed and leaves "Allan" behind. He might as well stop now, however; for "Dirty Allan" has no intention of following him, but quietly picks up his ejected prey and goes off to look for some other chance.

With a breeze occasionally, and foul winds always, we gradually stood further southward than is usual on such occasions, ever gaining a little westing. In these warmer latitudes we fell in with the "Portuguese man-of-war." Slowly we slid through the glassy waters, and slowly this strange creature drifted past, calm, beautiful, and

pure. Its pink-veined sails were all set, and glistened like fairest crystal in the noon. We sometimes tried to catch them, but always failed. We had to content ourselves with watching them as they floated on their sunny and aimless voyage. They are frail, feeble things; but yet they seem so secure, and are very fearless. They feel at home, and in the wild night, when the tempest rages fiercely, and stout ships quiver, and brave hearts beat quicker, they lie safe, down in the unplumbed and motionless abyss, to rise, like sundyed microcosms, to greet a brighter day.

At various times we floated through myriads of Meduse; and odd-looking things they were—mere balls of gelatinous stuff, which melted away whenever they were taken out of the water. The simile may not be poetic, but they resemble nothing so much as large onions, floating root uppermost. Shoals of fish, about the size of perch, feed on them.

Once a broken topmast passed us. A solitary bird was sitting on it. Not long after some boards were seen, with a number on one of them. At sea such things give rise to many surmises, and point out unmistakably to a landsman the sufferings of others and his own dangers. Then we see a bucket, and another time a plank covered with barnacles. The topmast and board with the number were proofs of but recent mischief. We never heard, however, nor could hear how they came there.

A whale, too, popped up now and then, lifting his big, brown, slimy back out of the water, and keeping it there for a few seconds, to the great delectation of the children and surprise of the ancients. But our visitor seldom staid long. With a slide, as if moving round on a pivot, he went down head foremost, just heaving up the tip of his tail as he vanished. In a little while he would emerge again, throwing out as he did so two jets of water, with a noise like a far-away, high-pressure engine.

The porpoises, too, came to see us, tumbling about with a rapidity and ungainliness alike surprising. I often wondered how they managed to move so ridiculously—now making straight for us, then darting off again, and now bounding across our bows in tumultuous excitement, to appear the next moment in the same hurry at our stern. The children had great fun with the porpoises, which are certainly the drollest and least dignified fishes I ever saw. They seem salt-water merry-andrews, and are among fishes what monkeys are among quadrupeds. A whale is a grave fellow; a shark is still more grave; a dolphin is beautiful; and a flying-fish is a toy; but your porpoise

is a sea joker, with none of the solemnity of his element about him.

When we sailed there were many ships in sight, and a good number which seemed bound for the same quarter with ourselves; but in a few days these had all disappeared, and we were alone for weeks. In despite of birds and fishes, our solitude was sometimes all but oppressive. The hum of cities, the debates in Parliament, tidings from the east, reached us no more. We had no cares but our own. The world had lost sight of us, and did not know where we were. A ship at sea is the ideal of isolation. We had drifted away into the vast unknown. Sometimes the question rose, Shall I ever again take up the link which I have dropped, and feel the tremor of social life vibrating on the chain? At length a ship hove in sight, homeward-bound, and we felt that there were living men besides ourselves. The spy-glass was in requisition, and as she neared us the signals were taken out, and our number run up at the peak. There was an anxious pause, during which the captain oracularly examined the stranger, wondering if he, like many others, would "pass and make no sign." But he had more manners; for he answered by showing us *his* number, and at once engaging in a very animated conversation at the distance of two or three miles. Thanks to Captain Marryat for his beautiful flag alphabets! for many a kindly wish have they conveyed, and many a sad heart have they gladdened. We spoke several vessels in this way.

Our Sabbaths were pleasant days. Then the men dressed themselves in their best, and rested, either reading their books in the shade or talking in the sunshine. Moreover, there were two clergymen on board, and divine service was celebrated morning and evening. All the passengers and seamen attended, and we had quite a good congregation. Nor could there be a more solemn and imposing scene than thus to find men assembling to worship God, and proclaim his universal sway in the midst of the lonely sea, and far away from scenes greatly beloved, but never to be visited by the most of them again. I often think that while the Elder Brother is with all his assembled people, in the crowded city or stilly village church, he must especially be with a little group gathered together so solitarily, so far from man, so far from help, standing hourly on the brink of eternity, and needing, if ever creatures need it, the governance and maintenance of his almighty hand. God's worship on the ocean is a very solemn thing.

Four weeks passed ere we reached the banks of Newfoundland. Any body who has ever

looked at a chart knows the great extent of the sandy formations just named. The depth of water on them varies from thirty to forty fathoms; and although I never managed to get a nibble there, it is very certain that other people catch great ship-loads of capital cod. But the curious thing about them is, that they are enveloped in perpetual mists, gloomy, piercing, and impenetrable. The only rational explanation I ever had of this phenomenon is, that the warm waters of the gulf-stream here meet with the colder currents of the polar regions, so that the evaporations of the former are condensed as they rise, and hang on a surface of hundreds of miles, a watery and chilly cloud.

These fogs vary in density. Sometimes they are so thick that you can not see further off than the length of the ship. At other times you may see a quarter of a mile. Sometimes, too, they do not rise above seventy or a hundred feet into the air, and then you can look up out of the ring in which you are, and note the sun or moon peeping down at you in your mist-walled pit. Once a large ship sailed close to ours, and, while we saw nothing of its hull, its royals slipped past us in an undesirable proximity. At other times you can see neither sun, moon, nor stars; but the heavens above and the ocean around are alike hidden in their thick, gray covering. I am told that this great tract is scarcely ever clear, save for a few hours together, and then mostly during the prevalence of a strong north wind. Out of eighteen passages, our captain had only enjoyed one fogless run.

The hazards of this navigation can not be easily overstated. Most of the shipping which sails between the North American continent and Britain, take this route. Then the "Banks" are the home, during the summer months, of numberless fishing schooners, which are anchored on them, and wholly hidden from the voyager. To *such* fogs off a rocky coast, to vessels moored in your very pathway, to vessels of all sizes and nations continually running to and fro, add the fact that in early spring icebergs and fields of ice, and during summer icebergs adamant and colossal, spread over or bestud these waters, and you will see wherein the traveler's risks consist. Day or night makes little difference. You never know when your ship may crack against another, or when the yell of despair may rise from some miserable fishing crew, whose frail bark your stronger one has run down, or when, more terrible still, yourselves may dash as against the everlasting rock, and all perish at the slippery side of some monster berg. Such risks must be run, and

when need is, must be run courageously; but, for my part, I do not care how seldom they come in my way. And yet few *known* accidents occur. But who shall speak of the unknown ones! Many fair ships and gallant crews have perished there.

Having by past experience a full knowledge of all the facts just stated, nobody will be much surprised if, in despite the apparent futility of doing so, I fervently hoped that we might have a smart breeze and clear weather as we approached this portion of our adventure. And we were among the happy few, and had both, at any rate part of the way. We rejoiced in a fine breeze while passing over the "Great Bank." And it was well we had it; for when I went on deck on the morning of our crossing it, I found the weather so cold that it numbed my hands, and indicated plainly enough that there were great quantities of ice not very far away. And so there were. "D'ye see that white speck ahead?" said somebody to me. I looked. "That's the ice," mumbled my laconic informant. It was a little glittering speck, not larger than the lump of sugar dropped into one's tea-cup. After breakfast I was out again. We were running fast, and by our course were making directly for the aforesaid speck, which, however, had now grown a good deal larger. Meanwhile, other points, equally white, pure white and dazzling, lifted themselves to the sun, in the north, and in the south, and on the west. We were nearing a chain of fourteen great icebergs, and must pass among them. On we went, accordingly.

The speck which first introduced itself to us still lay straight under our bows; and running as we then did, and, but for the clear weather, would have continued to do, we could hardly have failed to bump against it. There was, however, no risk now, and we watched it with intense interest as it grew rapidly larger. The others, too, showed their size. We were fairly into a frozen archipelago.

About noon we were rapidly closing with the mass which crossed our course. A little nearer, and we bore away, and passed this great ice rock within a distance of seven hundred feet. In a fog we might have all but grazed it without knowing of its existence.

It was nearly square, and its sides at the base were hollowed out by the action of the waves, so that the superstructure hung over, like some tempest-beaten cliff. From the line at which the water no longer acted on it, it rose; on the south side forming a perpendicular, square, minster-like tower, nearly a hundred and fifty feet high, and

on the north side running up into a fantastic and rugged peak, as jagged and sharp as some fire-formed cone in some wild mountain range.

Such was its *shape*. As for its *look*, if that word will do, I can hardly hope to describe it. It was ice, pure ice—cold cold, hard hard, solid solid ice. It was a mighty transparency; *white* when you saw its surface reflecting the sun, and *green* when you looked into the hollows and rents in its shaded and more rugged sides. But shady or sunny, always and in every part, it was like a thing of glass, framed and fashioned, not by man, nor by man's device, but made, molded, and stamped by the majesty of God. I have seen strange things, and lovely, and rare, in my wanderings, but I never saw any thing like *that*.

Once beyond the ice, and we were out of this great danger. But the weather, which providentially had been so long clear, presently thickened, and left us to grope our way over the other two "banks" as we best could. The "fog horn" was now put in requisition. This is nothing more than a long tin affair, like that which the old mail-coach guards used in my boy days. Henceforward it sounded perpetually, day and night, till we emerged safely in the western side of the mist, and began to look for the land.

Between five and six weeks after sailing, we reached St. Paul's, at the mouth of the Gulf of St. Lawrence; with a fair wind we ran past the Bird rocks. Then the pilot came on board. He was a half-Indian-looking Frenchman, with little gray eyes, straight black hair, and high cheek-bones. He did not take the charge till we reached Bic; and up to the moment when he did so, divided his time between smoking, sleeping, eating, and speaking bad English. Like all his countrymen, he was very civil, and unlike some of his brethren, he did not run his charge ashore, but brought us safely to Quebec, where we landed, safe and sound, and I hope thankful to our gracious Preserver after having been seven weeks at sea.

A BATTLE MUST PRECEDE VICTORY.

I CAN NOT praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat. This was the reason why the sage and serious poet, Spenser, describing true temperance under the person of Guion, brings him in with his palmer through the cave of mammon and the bower of earthly bliss, that he might see and know, and yet abstain.

THE POOR WASHERWOMAN.

"I DECLARE, I have half a mind to put this bed-quilt into the wash to-day. It does not really need to go either; but I think I will send it down."

"Why will you put it in, Mary, if it does not need to go?" asked her good old aunt, in her quiet and expressive way.

"Why, you see, aunt, we have but a small wash to-day; so small that Susan will get through by one o'clock at the latest, and I shall have to pay her the same as though she worked till night: so—"

"Stop a moment, dear," said the old lady, gently, "stop a moment and think. Suppose you were in the situation poor Susan is, obliged, you tell me, to toil over the wash-tub six days out of the seven, for the bare necessities of life; would you not be glad, once in a while, to get through before night, to have a few hours of daylight to labor for yourself and family; or, better still, a few hours to rest? Mary, dear, it is a hard, hard way for a woman to earn a living; begrudge not the poor creature an easy day. This is the fourth day in succession she has risen by candlelight and plodded through the cold here and there to her customers' houses, and toiled away existence. Let her go at noon if she gets through: who knows but that she may have come from the sick bed of some loved one, and she counts the hours, yes, the minutes, till she can return, fearing that she may be *one too late*? Put it back on the bed, and sit down here while I tell you what one poor washerwoman endured, because her employer did as you would to make out the wash." And the old woman took off her glasses, and wiped away the tears that from some cause had gathered in her aged eyes, and then with a tremulous voice related the promised story:

"There never was a more blithesome bridal than that of Ada R—. None ever had higher hopes, more blissful anticipations. Wedding the man of her choice; one of whom any woman might be proud—few, indeed, had a sunnier life in prospect than she had.

"And for ten years there fell no shadow on her path. Her home was one of beauty and rare comfort; her husband the same kind, gentle, loving man as in the days of courtship; winning laurels every year in his profession; adding new comforts to his home, and new joys to his fireside. And besides these blessings, God had given another: a little crib stood by the bedside, its tenant a golden-haired baby-boy, the image of its noble father, and dearer than aught else earth could offer.

"But I must not dwell on those happy days; my story has to do with other ones. It was with them as it has often been with others—just when the cup was sweetest, it was dashed away. A series of misfortunes and reverses occurred with startling rapidity, and swept away from them every thing but love and their babe. Spared to one another and to that, they bore a brave heart, and in a distant city began a new fortune. Well and strongly did they struggle, and at length began once more to see the sunlight of prosperity shine upon their home. But a little while it staid, and then the shadows fell. The husband sickened, and lay for many a month upon a weary couch, languishing not only with mental and bodily pain, but oftentimes for food and medicines. All that she could do, the wife performed with a faithful hand. She went from one thing to another, till, at length, she who had worn a satin garment upon her bridal day, toiled at the wash-tub for the scantiest living. In a dreary winter, long before light, she would rise morning after morning, and labor for the dear ones of her lowly home. Often she had to set off through the cold, deep snow, and grope her way to kitchens, which were sometimes smoky and gloomy, and toil there at rubbing, rinsing, starching, not unfrequently wading knee-deep in the drifts, to hang out the clothes that froze even ere she had fastened them to the line. And when night came, with her scanty earnings, she would again grope through the cold and snow to her oftentimes lightless and fireless home; for her husband was too sick, much of the time, to tend even the fire or strike a light. And, O, with what a shivering heart she would draw near, fearing ever she would be too late! It is a fact, that for six weeks, at one time, she never saw the face of her husband or her child, save by lamp-light, except only on the Sabbath. How glad she would have been to have had, once in a while, a small washing gathered for her!

"One dark winter morning, as she was preparing the frugal breakfast and getting every thing ready before she left, her husband called her to the bedside.

"Ada," said he, in almost a whisper, 'I want you to try and get home early to-night; be home before the light goes: do, Ada.'

"I'll try," answered she, with a choked utterance.

"Do try, Ada. I have a strange desire to see your face by daylight: to-day is Friday; I have not seen it since Sunday. I must look upon it once again.'

"Do you feel worse?" asked she, anxiously, feeling his pulse as she spoke.

"No, no, I think not; but I do want to see your face once more by sunlight. I can not wait till Sunday.'

"Gladly would she have tarried by his bedside till the sunlight had stolen through their little window; but it might not be. Money was wanted, and she must go forth to labor. She left her husband. She reached the kitchen of her employer, and with a troubled face waited for the basket to be brought. A smile played over her wan face as she assorted its contents. She could get through easily by two o'clock; yes, and, if she hurried, perhaps by one. Love and anxiety lent new strength to her weary arms; and five minutes after the clock struck one she hung the last garment on the line, and was just about emptying her tubs, when the mistress came in with a couple of bed-quilts, saying—

"As you have so small a wash to-day, Ada, I think you may do these yet.' After the mistress had turned her back, a cry of agony, wrung from the deepest fountain of the washerwoman's heart, gushed to her lips. Smothering it as best she could, she set to again, and rubbed, rinsed, and hung out. It was half-past three when she started for home, *an hour too late!*" and the aged narrator sobbed.

"An hour too late," continued she, after a long pause. "Her husband was dying; yes, almost gone! He had strength given him to whisper a few words to the half-frantic wife, to tell her how he had longed to look upon her face; that he could not see her then, he lay in the shadow of death. One hour she pillowed his head upon her suffering heart; and then—he *was at rest!*"

"Mary, Mary dear," and there was a soul-touching emphasis in the aged woman's words, "be kind to your washerwoman: instead of striving to make her day's work as long as may be, shorten it, lighten it. Few women will go out to washing daily, unless their needs are pressing. No woman on her bridal day expects to labor in that way; and be sure, my niece, if she is constrained to do so, it is the last resort. That poor woman, laboring now so hard for you, has not always been a washerwoman. She has seen better days. She has passed through terrible trials too. I can read her story in her pale, sad face. Be kind to her; pay her what she asks, and let her go home as early as she can."

* * * * *

"You have finished in good time to-day, Susan," said Mrs. M——, as the washerwoman, with her old cloak and hood on, entered the pleasant room to get the money she had earned.

"Yes, ma'am, I have; and my heart, ma'am, is

relieved of a heavy load, too. I was so afraid I should be kept till night, and I am needed so at home."

"Is there sickness there?" said the old aunt, kindly.

Tears gushed to the woman's eyes as she answered, "Ah, ma'am! I left my baby 'most dead this morning: he will be quite so to-morrow. I know it, I have seen it too many times; and none but a child of nine years to attend to him. O! I must go, and quickly." And, grasping the money she had toiled for while her baby was dying, she hurried to her dreary home.

Shortly after they followed her; the young wife who had never known a sorrow, and the aged matron whose hair was white with trouble, followed her to her home, the home of the drunkard's wife, the drunkard's babes. She was not too late. The little dying boy knew its mother. But at midnight he died, and then kind hands took from the sorrowing mother the breathless form, closed the bright eyes, straightened the tiny limbs, bathed the cold clay, and folded about it the pure white shroud; yes, and did more—they gave, what the poor so seldom have, *time to weep*.

"O, aunt!" said Mrs. M——, with tears in her eyes, "if my heart blesses you, how much more must poor Susan's! Had it not been for you, she would have been too late. It has been a sad yet holy lesson. I shall always now be kind to the poor washerwoman. But, aunt, was the story you told me a true one—all true, I mean?"

"The reality of that story whitened this head when it had seen but thirty summers; and the memory of it has been one of my keenest sorrows. It is not strange that I should pity the poor washerwoman."—*Wesleyan Family Visitor*.

AUGUSTINE AND FLAVEL ON INTEMPERANCE.

THERE is no better or more forcible description of intemperance, than that given by St. Augustine, who calls it, "A distemper of the head; a subversion of the senses; a tempest in the tongue; a storm in the body; a shipwreck of virtue; the loss of time; a willful madness; a pleasant devil; a sugared poison; a sweet sin, which he that has it, has not himself; and he that commits it, doth not only commit sin, but he himself is altogether sin."

"Intemperance has been aptly called," saith Flavel, "the devil's bridle, by which he turneth sinners which way he pleases; he that is overcome by it, can overcome no other sin." Among the heathen he was accounted the best man that spent more oil in the lamp than wine in the bottle.

HOW I CAME TO BE SPONTANEOUS.

BY MRS. SUSAN W. JEWETT.

NOT that I am remarkably so; indeed, Bertha says I have need to take several lessons yet before I graduate, particularly as I began rather late, and had so much to unlearn before I could understand even the rudiments. I do not intend to write an autobiography, or even much of a story; that is, I have no plot and very little incident; nevertheless, I feel like saying something. I presume I shall be very egotistical; but nobody can be really spontaneous without a considerable dash of egotism. I hope I shall not be offensive or ridiculous. However, Bertha tells me I am not to trouble myself about what people may say or think, only be sure that all is right and pure within, and then throw aside self-consciousness, for that makes every body awkward and ill at ease. I believe her, and what is more, I know that the root of self-consciousness is either in an overweening self-esteem, or a weak desire for the approval of others, and I mean to be above both of these motives. Spontaneous people, if they happen to be very weak and silly, disgust me excessively. I never could understand how it is, that those who have the least in them contrive to talk the most. I hope I do not belong to that class. But of that the public must judge—that part of it at least to whom my lucubrations are submitted. So, without further preface, I begin by saying, it was with mingled feelings of pleasure and sorrow, that, after five years spent in foreign travel, I set foot on my native shores one charming day in June. Being the last of seven brothers and sisters, all of whom had died upon the threshold of maturity, my parents resolved to break the spell which had proved so fatal in the family, and by sending me away before the dreaded period arrived, cheat the grim tyrant of his victim, and preserve me, the last of my name, to the rich inheritance of my fathers. My third septenniad I passed in triumph amidst the novelty and excitement of travel, and on my twenty-second birthday, in full possession of a sound and vigorous constitution, and an equally-sound and unembarrassed estate, I found myself threading alone and unrecognized the streets of my native city.

Both my parents had died during my absence, and with so short a space of time intervening, that the two letters containing the sad intelligence reached me on the same day. A distant relative of the family, who happened to be on a visit to my mother, the nearest of kin as well as the nearest in affection, was with her at the hour of

death; and my father's health, which had been poor for many years, failing very rapidly, in consequence of the shock, my cousin remained to nurse him and to follow his remains also to their last resting-place. Although our wealth and station in life could command troops of acquaintances, my mother's peculiarities and my father's aversion to society, forbade the advances of those who might otherwise have become fast friends. The only throngs that passed in and out of our doors, for many years, were the funeral processions that, from respect for our name and condition, but with only a casual knowledge of us individually, followed one after another of my fair sisters and my noble brothers to the grave. And when they were dispersed the doors were closed on the world without, on all the cheerfulness and sympathy that might have dispelled the gloom beneath our roof and helped us to bear our sorrows; and the vacant place at table, the one foot-fall less in the house, was all that told the melancholy story of bereavement and anguish from one silent heart to another. There was no meeting together of the few that remained to talk in holy communion over those that had gone—no affectionate striving to unite the broken links, or with a tender fidelity to the few to knit us more closely to each other. One after another the blows fell, till our hearts seemed to have grown callous to them. We had not even the blissful luxury, the holy joy of weeping together over our broken ties. I was glad to leave our dreary, desolate home. Is any one tempted to ask if we were human beings that lived and died there? Perhaps my story will answer the question; and since I have spoken of the peculiarities of my parents, I feel called upon, by way of explanation, to describe them a little more minutely. Yet it is not my purpose just now to analyze the causes of these peculiarities—causes which, in the natural order of things, we could not as children be supposed to understand. Therefore I shall simply present the outside pictures, such as any one may see them on the wall of my library at this moment. For our father and mother were scarcely more to us than living pictures; of the hearts that beat within, of the souls that thought, felt, aspired, struggled, despaired, we knew nothing.

Hanging side by side, as I have said before, on the wall of my library, are the two family portraits, painted by a master hand in the costume of the day. My mother wears a bodice of crimson velvet, laced tight over the bosom, as if to remind her, by its constant pressure, to keep so strict a guard over the tenant within, that no sudden emotion, no welling up of natural feelings,

should quicken its pulses or send the tell-tale blush to her cheek. An ample skirt of brocade stands out stiff and unapproachably formidable, from beneath which the least of little slippers is permitted to indicate the delicate proportions of the wearer. The powdered hair is drawn back from the forehead, and the small, gray eyes look out coldly and somewhat scornfully from behind their dark lashes. No one would look to see words of tenderness or playful coquetry from the thin lips, compressed with an expression of conscious dignity and virtue, that had neither toleration nor pity for the weaknesses of her sex. No one could imagine those lips opening to let out a shower of baby talk, or playful endearment, or passionate bursts of affection. They shut down and sealed from all human inspection the records that time, and change, and sorrow had written on the pages of the life within. The story of youthful love, a history which wins so many earnest listeners, never escaped those barred portals. Ah, my mother! I have often wondered as I sat gazing on those time-stained lineaments, how nature ever burst the cold barriers and prompted thee to speak that little word, which, to so many true, warm, human hearts, is the open sesame of so much happiness. Yet thou wert wife and mother. And there beside thee is thy husband. Ah! strange it seems to look on two so unlike in every feature and expression, and think those two were one—wedded soul with soul—heart with heart—one for life—for eternity. Is it so? Of my father's portrait I can say but little. What little I might say, that tender, earnest look of his blue eye seems almost to chide. How benevolent and kind the aspect of that fine forehead! Intellect and poetry, pure and high aspirations are written there; but what a life of subdued and passionate emotion is traced in that mouth, almost womanly in its outlines! Well, well, I am getting too somber; so farewell, pictures—farewell, speculation.

My first summer passed, as all summers do pass, be they pleasant or otherwise. Mine found me part of the time at home, attending to the needful business which devolved upon me in my new position, and the remainder, that is, as much as I could possibly spare from the tedious drudgery, was spent with my aunt at her country place a few miles from town.

My aunt—aunt rather by courtesy than kindred—had been a widow for several years. She taught us brothers and sisters to call her by that pet name, and we were but too glad to do so. Our visits with her, and our interchange of affection with our cousins, were the happiest part of our life.

Why is it that I keep going back in my story?

My cousin Bertha was very angry with me, the first time we met after my long absence, for something I said about "*your spontaneous, shallow people.*" In do n't know why I should have coupled the two epithets, and I am sure I did not intend to apply them to her, although she accused me of it. My cousin Bertha shallow! I confess to having looked into her eyes many a time to see if there was any thing shallow in their expression, and I have invariably been compelled to turn away dizzy, quite dizzy from the search. Although I am not yet prepared to say I like spontaneous people as a class, yet there are isolated examples that please me very much. I remember quoting the lines of Sir Walter Raleigh to Bertha one day, telling her that I echoed his sentiments to the letter:

"Affections may be likened best to floods and streams,
The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb;
So when affections yield discourse, it seems,
The bottom is but shallow whence they come."

"It is not true," said Bertha, "if Sir Walter Raleigh did say it; and if you believe it, it shows plainly that there is something out of order inside—a torpid liver perhaps—at any rate some string false, and you ought to set it right."

I asked her if she would help me to discover the evil and apply the remedy, which she promised to do, begging me to come soon again, as I was about to leave, and in the mean time to keep a journal as the first step toward becoming spontaneous. "Also," she added, "let your diet be light; such as Mr. A—— recommends as conducive to spontaneity. Eat apples."

"Why eat apples?" I asked. "Have you forgotten the consequences to the father of our race after following the same advice, given by your short-sighted sex?"

"I suppose Eve gave crab-apples, which I repudiate. But, cousin Walter, joking aside, I know what you think of us as a family. You think we are a silly, sentimental set of women, who have no more discernment than to admire and flatter each other. You talk about people who are ready to make great sacrifices, and yet never make any fuss or demonstration of any kind. Now the occasions for making great sacrifices are very rare, and when they do come there is a sort of glory in accepting them. It is the countless little acts of kindness that test affection. You take it for granted that those who betray the least feel the most. But I do n't approve of taking for granted one thing more than another. It is a great misfortune, not to be able to relieve

one's heart occasionally in a natural and spontaneous manner. I do n't know as it is expected of us to envy a person his misfortunes. I should think it far better to show him some way of removing or healing them. Reserve may grow out of extreme shyness, and it may be the outbirth of a false pride. But what is shyness but an unworthy self-consciousness—a silent egotism, as ridiculous as it is inconvenient. I would advise that all families cultivate a true, graceful, and judicious method of communicating happiness, by allowing the best part of their nature to flow forth in pleasant words and kind expressions of interest, as well as the thousand trifling acts of affection that go to make up the sum of human joy."

"But if one finds it next to impossible to do so?"

"Let him try. Let him take away the stones and rubbish that block up the current, and the waters will gush out. But come next week as you promise, and I will tell you a story. We will talk the subject over at our leisure. In the mean time, as a preparatory step, keep a journal."

I should hardly be so foolish as to confess that I followed Bertha's advice, both about the journal and the apples too, only that I have set down to explain a certain portion of my life, and I am determined to make a clean breast of it. Of my five years' travel I made no record on paper; but for one week I scrupulously seated myself every evening in the august presence of the family portraits that lined the walls, to write down word for word what was passing within me, and I enjoyed it, too; for, to confess the truth, I always imagined a listener at my side. It is so delightful to be able to let one's feelings speak out on paper, and to fancy one's self all the time talking to one we love or admire. Still, I did not find the satisfaction so complete as to forget Bertha's last words, "Come again next week," and Saturday night found me standing at the door of my aunt's house again, where, after pulling the bell, I suffered my imagination to enter and greet the various members of the household in the most spontaneous manner imaginable.

What a frank, off-hand, captivating way some men have of saluting their friends, their female friends I mean, cousins particularly, and no fault found! I fancied Bertha to open the door for me. Could I put my arm about her waist and kiss her in a natural, spontaneous, cousinly way, as if I had a right to, on the ground of relationship? The very idea of it sent a thrill through me, but I knew I should not do it. I believe I could have died at the stake for her; but as to being

able to demonstrate by any outward sign how much I cared for her, I knew it was impossible. Yet if I had been able to do it, what right had she to find fault with me? Just on purpose to try my mettle, as it seemed, Bertha did come to the door, her countenance expressive of such heart-felt pleasure at seeing me, and her hand extended so cordially, that when I look back upon it, I wonder how I could help taking her to my heart at once.

I had come to pass a week at Elmwood. As it proved a very important era in my life I trust I may be forgiven if I dwell upon it rather minutely. Such a picture opens before me at this moment, of those gorgeous old woods, with their far-stretching aisles, through which the golden light of autumn streamed more gloriously than through the stained windows of the noblest cathedrals in the world. I had stood in the most magnificent temples of Europe—stood there without sense or sensation, without the faintest comprehension of their beauty or grandeur—stood there dumb and insensible as the statues around me, without a soul, without a heart, with a vague feeling of isolation, a consciousness of something wanting to my life, and yet almost too stupid to know or care what. I supposed it would always be as it had been. I knew I must have suffered in my life, and yet I seemed almost insensible to suffering. I thought I had rather experience the intensest anguish than be so dead to all feeling. Now the pale procession sometimes passes before my memory one by one—father, mother, brothers, sisters; and tears come to my eyes—tears of gratitude that I can feel what I have lost, as well as of sorrow that they are gone.

Seven golden days, seven happy nights! According to the Mosaic records it took that period of time to make a heaven and an earth. What may it not typify when viewed spiritually! The first creation then, as now, was light; the last, love.

"You have really kept a journal, then?" said Bertha. "I did not think you would."

"Did I not promise?"

"And did you eat apples, too?" she asked playfully.

"To be sure I did."

"May I read the journal?"

"Not now."

"May I ever read it?"

"I hope so. But about that story you were going to tell me, and the lessons you were to give me. I think I am in a receptive state now if ever. Besides, my time is limited, and this is already the third evening."

"So it is, truly; but how quickly time passes when we are—" She hesitated.

"When we are what?" I asked.

"Happy," she replied. "But the story. It is sad. Do you like sad stories?"

"Sometimes."

"This is sad and not sad. You do not remember my father?"

"No, not in the least."

"You have seen his picture. Well, that is very like him. Tall, stern, commanding, yet noble-looking. He had a younger sister—Emma—who lived with my mother several years after her marriage. She it was who gave me the outline of what I am going to tell you. She was like my father in character, but the circumstances of their lives were different; she was a good woman—a Christian I mean—and that softened her otherwise hard nature. They were very much to each other, though they never showed it in the natural way."

"What is the natural way?"

"Why, if you do not know, I can't tell you. I suppose they were both ready to make extraordinary sacrifices, but neither of them cared much for little daily demonstrations. They were one, heart and soul."

"Is she dead?"

"No."

"Married?"

"No. I will tell you all about it. My poor father was never understood in his own family. My mother respected his judgment—would have loved him, but he encouraged no such confiding affection. Sympathy did not seem necessary to him. It was to her. She found a home for her affections in her children, a something to fill the void in her woman's nature in love to her heavenly Father. But before she became a Christian she must have suffered much."

"How so?"

"Why, you see she was jealous of aunt Emma—jealous of the place she had in my father's heart—jealous of her influence over him. All important matters he referred to her. It must have been a hard trial to a young wife to feel she had only a subordinate place in her husband's affections. Besides, my mother grew to be afraid of my father. When that is the case love dies. One who knew human nature has declared that "perfect love casteth out fear." Well, my aunt Emma saw it—saw that she could no longer be of service to my mother, and so she left her to make a home for herself. It was hard, and yet it was but right. It was hard, because the two, my father and my aunt, had grown up together,

sharing much hardship and privation, and there was no one on earth so near to her as he. Still it was right, for no human being has a claim higher than that of a wife upon her husband. But her leaving did not make my mother's heart lighter, or our home brighter. So my mother wrote begging her to come back, and she came, but only in time to close my father's eyes. Did no one ever tell you about the early histories of your father and mother?"

"No one."

"How strange that you should never have asked—that you should not have wished to learn of their early youth, their early loves, and all the joys and sorrows, the manifold experience that made them what they were and us what we are. How dearer a thousand times to my heart is my mother, now that I can read in every line and wrinkle of her sweet face the history of her heart; and how a thousand-fold more precious is the memory of my father, since I know his hard struggles with disappointment and pride—since I know why he covered his tender nature with that invincible armor upon which our affections seemed to make no impression. When he laid it by, on his death-bed—when he bade us all the last good-by, we, for the first time, knew what it was to have a father, and how the great heart which had been shut from us, and which none of us were wise enough or brave enough to read, had been hungering all along for the love we were yearning to bestow. O, I shall never forget that one day! The servant first told us children that our father was dying. We all stared at each other, not knowing what we ought to do, or what was expected of us. We did not dare go to his chamber. My oldest brother rushed out of the house, and did not come back till all was over. He has since told me what agonies he endured that long day—how every angry reply he had made to my father came back to him—how he longed to fling himself upon the bed and say, 'Father, forgive me—bless me,' and yet he knew, that were he to stand beside his dying bed he could not break the spell that always fell upon him in my father's presence, and so he would not come home. He walked far away over the hills and flung himself on the ground, praying to God to forgive him that he had never loved his father. My aunt Emma came down for the rest of us, saying that our father could not last much longer and wanted to bid us good-by. We followed her mechanically to his room. There he lay transformed; yes, children as we were, we could not mistake that look of love—the love of a lifetime in that eye. O, Walter! and then to lose it—to lose forever

what would have been such a blessing to us all! But I can not thank God enough to have let its light shine on us for a little while; for through it we read what before had been a sealed book, our father's true heart, and we have the key now, which will unlock for us its treasures of love and thought hereafter, where none of us need go veiled, and where, I trust, we shall none of us be ashamed to show our inmost life. How many times I have lain on my bed in the room adjoining my father's, listening as he paced back and forth, hearing him groan, and not knowing what was the matter! Sometimes a sudden impulse would seize me to go to him, to throw my arms around his neck, to say, 'Dear father,' if nothing more than just 'dear father.' It seemed as if it would ease my heart, so that I should be happier all my life afterward. But I never did it, and he died without knowing how much his children longed to love him. He beckoned us to him one by one, calling us 'dear children;' and when he missed Alfred he looked so distressed—Alfred whom he seemed to care so little for; and yet that last hour betrayed all the father's pride in his only son. Why was it so? Why did we grow up without the happiness of loving a father? I know he felt it; for he told my mother if it was God's will he hoped to live, if only to prove to his family how he loved them all. Well, all this is sad, Walter, is n't it?"

I do n't know how I came to take her hand, or how I dared to say, "Dear Bertha, it is sad," and to wipe away a tear that I saw trembling in her blue eyes, but it was a great relief to me—it let out the pain at my heart.

"It seems to me sometimes," she continued, "that life is nothing but sadness—full of sorrows from beginning to end. So much disappointment, so much misunderstanding, so much care—things going wrong—people playing at cross purposes—yet, after all, I know it is as good a world as we choose to make it; and when we are truer to ourselves and each other, it will be a vast deal happier. But you must know now, if you never knew before, my father met with a disappointment in love, as did your father, and my mother and your mother. Let me see if I can 'untwist the twist.' Your father was in love with my mother, and my father was in love with your mother. They 'proposed,' you see, and God 'disposed.'"

"How grateful I feel to Providence in thus disposing of matters; for had it been as they proposed, where would you and I have been? Therefore, I think it is all right; and, moreover, we ought to make up for the deficiency of happi-

ness in the elder branches of the family by being as happy ourselves as we can. But about these same interesting love passages; how did it happen that things were as they were?"

"My mother being a most dutiful and loving daughter, and your father an unambitious and rather indolent man, wanting, they say, in the talent for money-making, although he could write very pretty poetry, my grandfather induced her to discourage young Walter's attentions, and she, like a generous girl, full of disinterested notions about providing for the declining years of her parents, and the increasing demands of her young brothers and sisters, resolved to consecrate her life to them, and, after dismissing her lover, determined not to marry at all. Your father could not live where every thing reminded him of the hopes he had been compelled to relinquish, and went off on a whaling voyage. In the mean time my mother devoted herself most assiduously to the care of the household, and nobody knew how much she suffered, for she tried to be cheerful and to make others so. Still, I have no doubt that in the bottom of her heart she nursed the hope that in process of time all would come round right, and your father be her husband. That hope only perished when the news was brought to her ears of the marriage of her first love with your mother. You must know that, after returning from his voyage, your father went into some kind of business in the city of New York. Being very handsome and well connected, gay withal, and naturally fond of society, he was quite a star in the literary and fashionable circles. Full of the poet's imagination and susceptibility, and, like all your sex, easily moved by flattery, he worshiped an ideal of his own creation, and, in the redundancy of his own sentiment and warmth of affection, invested her with all the virtues and graces, and then vowed to live for her for evermore. That beautiful ideal was your mother as he saw her. Beautiful she was, as her picture testifies, but not of the nature he imagined. Fire and ice could assimilate as well. The one was all impulse, enthusiasm, emotion; the other, formed after the severest model of female virtue, yet just, sincere, and conscientious. Her admiration for literary men, and her ambition for the prestige of literary distinction, helped her to make up her mind—to marry one who gave promise of a high career, and so the thing was done. You may believe as much of my story as you think proper. I confess I have been obliged to use my own ingenuity in diving into the reason of things. Preparatory to accepting your father, she had nearly consummated another at-

tachment with mine; but here were elements too closely resembling each other to combine peacefully. Both ambitious, both fond of power, both jealous of their own rights, exacting, proud, and somewhat vindictive—what kind of marriage could have existed between them? If any little matter of difference came between them, one would be angry that on a point so slight the other should be unwilling to yield; while the other was indignant that on so slight a point compliance should be demanded. This constant attrition wore off the fine edge of affection; they parted after a time in a huff, and both stood too much on their dignity to make the first advance at a reconciliation, and so the matter ended. After your father's marriage, my father, who had met with my mother from time to time, proposed and was accepted. So each with separate ends, and none of them the true one, closed the gate of happiness in married life upon themselves, as thousands have done before and will do again. The two I pity the most were your father and my mother. But no, the other two needed pity most for living in ignorance all their lives of what happiness is. I had rather have within my soul a consciousness of what my life is capable of receiving and giving, even if it is never filled or half filled here; for I know that this consciousness is a prophecy of what will be some day; but to have no dreams, no ideal, what a barren life it must be!"

When Bertha had finished speaking she sat looking into the fire, that had now burned down into a pile of glowing embers. I do not know whether it would have been more joy to me to speak, than it was to sit and watch her face, upon which the "shadows of the fitful fire-light" seemed to deepen and soften the tender emotions that this turning over the pages of memory had awakened; but I was too well satisfied to be where I was, and to see her by my side, to wish to venture any farther.

"I have often," said she tenderly, "looked at your father's picture, which hangs in your library, and lost myself in the dreams of what his life might have been if—" She hesitated.

"If what, Bertha?"

"If he had really married for love. Happiness expands the nature so—that kind of happiness, I mean, which grows out of a full, hearty, reciprocal affection. You see," she said, turning her eye upon me, "I am not ashamed to talk sentiment. What so many people only think, I speak; that is, when I can find a good listener."

"And you never are at a loss for one, are you?" I asked with a sudden gush of earnestness, taking her hand in mine as I spoke.

She continued: "I wrote to you, Walter, from that library, with the pictures of your parents looking down on me. In her chamber, cold and still, lay the useless garments your mother's spirit had laid aside forever. I had watched, to the last moment, that mysterious union of soul and body, and with my own hand closed the beautiful eyelids and smoothed the dark hair over the pale, cold forehead. Here and there a silver thread marked the flight of time; or, perhaps, it was sorrow—sorrow for all she had lost in life. God knows. The heart that suffers alone must have a sad, sad aching.

"The shock her death gave your father hastened his own. You know he had been ill for some time—mind and body both failing. I remained with him till he died, and I could hardly weep, his spirit went out so gently. He laid his hand on my head a few moments before he died and said, 'God bless you; you have your mother's eyes, Bertha,' and he murmured, 'sweet eyes.' I tell you this, Walter, because I think you may like to hear all about his last moments. I stooped down and kissed him for you and for myself. I spoke your name, and took from his lips a blessing for you."

Pressing her hand I could only respond with my tears.

"How many times in my girlhood I have wished I had just such a father! O, he had a tender woman's heart—such beautiful, loving thoughts, and such gentle ways! Think what he must have suffered. All his children to be taken from him! What must he not have endured, and every sorrow eating away his life! Cousin Walter, there must be somewhere, and very near our Lord I think, a heaven for the gentle, affectionate natures that seem never to find a home here. Do n't you think so?"

"If no home on earth then a home in heaven; but such natures, Bertha, bring down heaven here, for they are always very near the Lord."

"In his infinite bosom, who made us what we are, there is room for all his children."

"And those whom he holds the nearest have the most of heaven to give."

"A woman's lot is not so hard as a man's, after all, because she can turn to her children. My mother was so happy in us. Now, if you please, we'll change the conversation; or, rather I should say, stop talking for the night and go to bed."

"Go to bed! Is that just to me, who have had no chance as yet to speak a dozen consecutive words?"

Bertha laughed. "But you may have all to-morrow evening to tell your story," she added.

"And if I had rather tell it now, can I find a listener?"

"Well, I suppose it is but civil; yet really I think it is getting late and rather—a very little cold."

"I will not keep you long, Bertha, for I see you shiver. I have no new story to tell—nothing that has not been told a thousand times before, though I never told it to a human being, and I do n't know as I should dare to tell you now, only you have counseled me to be spontaneous, and promised to take me as a scholar.

"Our fathers and mothers made a great mistake, but I hope we shall be wise enough to profit by their experience. My story is a short one and a long one. I can say it in three words, and I can take a lifetime—an eternity to tell it. You can guess what the three words are. Give me leave to say them to-night, and let the rest of my life go to make them good—to prove them true. They are my life, Bertha—I love you."

From that moment the deep waters, before so calm, were stirred within me. From that moment I began a new life—began to be spontaneous, and I am not yet too old or too cold to love to sit by the light of a cheerful fire with Bertha's blue eyes shining upon me; and other eyes, both blue and black, but all full of happiness, glance here and there—sometimes near, sometimes farther off, but always beaming with love, the lights of our home.

I STOOD BENEATH THY BOUGHS.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

I stood beneath thy boughs, O tree!
With the sunshine all above,
While a bird within thy sheltering leaves
Sang all day to his love,
And faintly fell at intervals
The cooing of a dove.

And I thought beneath thy boughs, O tree!
How like is love to a bird;
And life a constant summer, where
Its music shall be heard;
Alas! I thought, when winter came,
"How like is love to a bird!"

I look through the naked boughs afar,
To the calm and blessed sky,
And lo! a clear, unwavering star
Is set, serene on high;
And I think how like God's love that star
So fair; its light so nigh.

Through summer's glow, through winter's gloom:
Through change, and chill, and pain;
Through stormiest hours of struggling life,
God's love doth still remain;
O Father, let, henceforth, that love
Within this bosom reign!

JAMES SAURIN.

BY HON. GABRIEL F. DISOWAY.

FROM the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685, Holland became the most brilliant focus of French Protestantism. Thence it beamed throughout France, England, and Germany; but its strongest influence was exercised over the United Provinces themselves. A colony of preachers and literary men had withdrawn to Holland, and here found liberty, repose, consideration, and honor. Still they labored without relaxation to maintain the Reformed faith, and spread light through France, their unhappy country, which they had been forced to abandon.

The "Walloons" were so called from the Huguenots of France, who made settlements along the river Waal, in the second half of the sixteenth century. This Protestant fusion was of the greatest advantage to the Netherlands—a new element of devotion having been thus introduced by the arrival of the refugees.

The Walloon communities needed pastors, and France supplied them. Amsterdam alone was strengthened by the arrival of sixteen banished preachers, and over two hundred scattered themselves through the towns of the United Provinces. These, too, were master-spirits, exiles—firm and courageous men, who carried as much authority and influence by their example as they did by their preaching. To this day the descendants of the French Refugees in Holland always pronounce the names of these first ministers with respect and veneration. Their influence produced a great reform in the style of preaching at that day. Pulpit eloquence had reached the highest perfection both in the Netherlandish and the Walloon Churches, but the difference between the two was great and most striking. The preaching of the Netherland school was learned, but monotonous and lifeless. On the contrary, the Walloons had orators, if scarcely inferior to Bossuet in earnestness and power, were certainly superior to Massillon, Flechier, and Bourdaloue.

This superiority of French preaching was owing, in some degree, likely to a particular usage of the United Provinces. Here the pastoral office and duties were transmitted from father to son hereditarily; and thus were created, as with the ancient Hebrews, races of priesthood. The Saurins of Nîmes were among the number, and a crowd of pastors from such illustrious ancestors filled the pulpits of Amsterdam, the Hague, Leyden, Harlaem, and Rotterdam. This revolution in Dutch preaching by the Walloons, and now

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remodeled entirely on the French style, has ever since maintained an elevated rank.

From the commencement of the Middle Ages Holland had been the well-known asylum for all the refugees who fled from religious persecutions. More than thirty thousand English reformers here found a shelter from the reign of Mary Tudor; and hosts of Germans, during the Thirty Years' War, flying for conscience' sake, secured, on the banks of the Amstel, the Issel, and the Rhine, that religious freedom, which they had claimed, but obtained not in their own lands. The most important emigrants, however, were the Walloons. Their first Churches, as they called them, were "*under the cross*," or, as they likewise said, "*in the secret*." They concealed themselves from persecution by, as it were, holding their faith under mystic names, the meaning of which believers only understood. The Church of Antwerp called itself "*the Vine*;" Mons, "*the Olive*;" Tournay, "*the Palm-tree*;" Lille had for its symbol "*the Rose*;" Douay, "*the Wheat-sheaf*;" and that of Anas, "*the Heart's-ease*." But for the torrents of blood poured out by the Duke of Alva to maintain the cruel faith of Rome, the Low Countries would probably have become the most Protestant of all Europe. When the Prince of Parma reconquered to the Spanish dominions the southern provinces, the dissenting inhabitants retired to Holland; and although the last relics of the Reformed religion were extinguished in the cities of Mechlin, Ghent, and Antwerp, they broke out with fresh luster in those of the north. In 1605 new churches arose at Rotterdam, at Nemenguen in 1621, and Tholen in 1658.

No wonder, then, that the French Protestants should love that land which had always shown so much sympathy for their brethren, the Walloon refugees. In 1685, when Henry III commanded them, by a royal edict, to be converted to the Romish faith, many repaired to Holland, and joined the Walloon communities. This emigration recommenced after the fall of brave La Rochelle—their

"Own Rochelle, the fair Rochelle,
Proud city of the waters."

It was doubled under Louis XIV, when that bigoted prince promulgated his first edicts against his Huguenot subjects.

Pierre du Moulin, Charles Drelincourt, Jean Polyandre, Etienne Le Moine, with a crowd of others, were among the earliest preachers who visited the Walloon Churches and performed parochial duty. These were the precursors of the refugees who left France in 1685, and prepared

the way for Basnage, Claude, Martin, Benoit, and to him who was foremost of the whole, by superiority of his genius, JAMES SAURIN. He was emphatically the patriarch of "the *Refuge*," and contributed the most to persuade the Protestants of France to quit "that Babylon, drunk with the blood of the faithful."

Saurin was born at Nîmes, in 1677; and flying with his father to Geneva, for religion's sake, he commenced religious studies in that city. These, however, were soon interrupted by the desire of distinguishing himself in arms. Scarcely fifteen years of age, he joined the regiment levied for the Duke of Savoy, who was engaged in the European coalition against Louis XIV. After the defection of this Prince, returning to Geneva, he completed his education. The oratorical powers of the young student attracted numerous hearers, and on one occasion the cathedral had to be thrown open for the crowds which flocked to hear him. Upon his consecration he was immediately appointed minister to the French Church in London, where the celebrated Tillotson, whom he took for his model, added the finishing stroke to his admirable eloquent talents. It was at this period likely, when Abbadie, listening to him for the first time, exclaimed, "*Is this a man, or an angel, who is speaking to us?*"

In 1705 Saurin was invited to the Hague, with the title of Minister Extraordinary of the French community of nobles, and preached with astonishing success. The whole of that city flocked out to hear him—not only his brethren, the Walloons, but the most eminent statesmen, who held in their hands the destinies of all Europe. His brilliant imagination, elevation of thought, his luminous exposition, the purity of his style, with the commanding force of his expressions, produced the liveliest impressions upon the multitudes who thronged the temples wherever he preached. To these traits were added a serene and noble countenance, a clear and melodious voice, which, blending with his Genevese zeal and southern ardor, still more contributed to the charms of his sacred and powerful eloquence.

The plans of his sermons were ingenious and learned, his rhetoric unaffected, and his elocution—although at times careless—in his earnest moments, exhibited unequalled energy. From 1708 to 1730 the churches in which he preached were crowded with both great and small; the Dutch magistrates, professors, judges, military officers, the humble Refugee—all hastened to catch the words of this modern Chrysostom. The French Protestant thus counseled thousands of his brethren, the French exiles. Justly indig-

nant at their cruel persecutions, he aided in humbling the pride of the haughty Louis XIV, by bringing upon that unrighteous monarch the just resentment of Europe.

Saurin wonderfully excelled in those solemn prayers with which he loved to close his discourses. In these he displayed a strain of supplication which had not been before manifested by any other preacher. Upon New-Year's day, 1710, he delivered his celebrated sermon on fugitive devotions. Coming to the peroration, the French preacher, in his prayers, addressed himself to the magistrates of the republic, the ambassadors of allied powers, the ministers of the Church—to fathers and mothers, military men, the young and the old—to the Refugees, and the monarch on the throne, who was the author of all their calamities.

We know no finer master-pieces of sacred eloquence than are to be found in these passages.

"To you, also, I turn me, illustrious personages, who represent, in these provinces, the first heads of the Christian world, and who, in some sort, give it to us to see, in the bosom of this assembly, princes, electors, kings, republics. May God unlock all his treasures in favor of those consecrated personages, who are as gods on earth, of those august characters you are the vicegerents! and the better to enable them worthily to support the burden of supreme power, may God be pleased to preserve to them ministers, such as you, who know alike to cause the sovereign authority to be the object of respect and love!

"I bless you, also, sacred Levites of the Lord, ambassadors of the King of kings, ministers of the new alliance, who have inscribed on your foreheads, 'Holiness to the Lord,' and 'in the breastplate of judgment upon your hearts the names of the children of Israel.' And you, conductors of the flock, who are, as it were, associated with us in the work of the ministry, may God inspire you with the zeal of his house!

"Receive our prayers, fathers and mothers of families; happy to see yourselves reproduced in your second selves; happier yet to introduce those whom you bring into this vale of misery to the assembly of the first-born. God grant that you may make of your houses sanctuaries to his glory, and of your children offerings to him, who is 'the Father of spirits,'¹ and 'the God of the spirits of all flesh!'"²

"Receive our prayers, men of war; you who, after so many wars, are yet called upon to combat anew. May you ever have the God of battles

¹ Exodus xxviii, 29, 35. ² Heb. xii, 9. ³ Num. xvi, 22.

fighting on your side! may you see victory constantly following in your footsteps! May you, when you tread down the foe, realize to yourselves this maxim of the wise one, 'Better is he that ruleth his own spirit, than he that taketh a city.'¹

"Receive our prayers, young people; may you be forever preserved from the contagion of this world, into which you have so recently entered! may you devote to your salvation the precious time which you enjoy! may you remember 'your Creator in the days of your youth!'²

"Receive our prayers, ye that are aged; ye who have already one foot in the tomb, or, let me rather say, who have your hearts in heaven, where your treasure is also.³ May you behold 'your outer man perish, but your inner man renewed day by day!'⁴ may you behold the weakness of your bodies repaired by the strength of your souls, and the eternal tabernacles opening to receive you, when the mansions of dust shall melt away from their foundations!

"Receive our prayers, ye desolated countries, who have been for so many years the bloody theater of the bloodiest war that has ever yet been known. May the sword of the Eternal, imbrued in so much blood, 'put itself into its scabbard, rest, and be still!'⁵ May the exterminating angel, who has laid waste your fields, cease from his bloody executions! . . . May the dew of heaven succeed to the gory rain which has fallen upon you for so many years!

"Are our prayers all exhausted? Alas! In this day of joy shall we forget our sorrows? . . . Groans and lamentations of captives, weeping sacrificers, mourning virgins, solemn feasts interrupted, roads of Zion spread with mourning, backsliders, martyrs, spectacles of blood, doleful sounds of wailing, be ye movers of this auditory! 'If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy.'⁶ 'Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces. For my brethren and companions' sake, I will now say, Peace be within thee.'⁷

This allusion to the trials of the Huguenots seemed to recall the thoughts of the French preacher to the persecuting King, when the silence and attention of his audience increased tenfold. Many expected an outbreak of holy indignation; but, instead of it, he, in a spirit of great earn-

estness, uttered the words of pardon and sublime prayer:

"And thou, mighty Prince, whom I still respect as the scourge of the Most High—thou also shalt have a portion in my prayer. God grant that the fatal bondage which shuts out the truth from thy sight, may fall from before thine eyes! May God forget the rivers of blood with which thou hast deluged the land, and which thy reign has seen increased abroad! . . . God grant that, having been the minister of his judgments against us and against our Church, thou mayest be yet the dispenser of his 'graces and the minister of his mercies!

"I return to you, my brethren; I include you all in my prayers. May God send down his Spirit upon this assembly! May God grant that this year be to us a year of his benevolence, a preparation for eternity! . . . We must make our way to the throne of God himself; we must wrestle with the mighty God; we must compel him by our tears and supplications, and suffer him not to go till he have blessed us. Magistrates, people, soldiers, citizens, pastors, and flocks, come, bend your knees before the Monarch of the world; and you, devouring griefs and cares of this world, begone, begone, as a flight of vain birds, and trouble us not in our holy sacrifice."

Still the Protestant Refugees often gave way to discouragements and despair, distrusting Divine providence. On the opening of the campaign in 1706, and so fatal to the armies of Louis XIV, Saurin pronounced his Fast sermon. In this discourse, with a boldness of which pulpit eloquence presents but few examples, he tried to convince his brethren of their unbelief, and to justify God's ways with them. His exordium at the moment was full of grandeur and majesty:

"I conjure you, by the walls of this temple which are yet standing, but which the enemy is determined to beat down—by the love you bear your wives and children, whose fate is already decided—by the love you bear the state and your religion—by the name of our sovereigns, of our generals, of our soldiers, whose prudence and valor most surely never can succeed, but with the aid of the Most High—I conjure you to bring to these exercises of devotion attentive minds and willing hearts."

In his admirable sermon on the equality of men, Saurin has presented a picture, filled with appalling energy, of death which awaits us all:

"Whither goest thou, O rich man, who boastest thyself that fields have yielded their harvests, and who sayest to thy soul, 'Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine

¹ Proverbs xvi, 32.

² Eccles. xii, 1.

³ Matt. vi, 21.

⁴ 2 Cor. iv, 16.

⁵ Jer. xlvii, 5, 6.

⁶ Ps. cxxxvii, 5, 6.

⁷ Ps. cxiii, 7, 8.

ease, eat, drink, and be merry? Thou goest to the grave. And whither goest thou, O poor man, who weariest out a weary life, begging thy bread from door to door; who livest in perpetual anxiety, how thou mayest procure thee food to support, the garments that cover thee; subject to the charity of these, to the contempt of those? Thou goest to the grave. Whither goest thou, O nobly born, who dost bedeck thyself with borrowed glories; who reckonest thy virtues by the titles of thine ancestors; who dreahest that thou art formed of clay more precious than the rest of humanity? Thou goest to the grave. Whither goest thou, plebeian, who mockest at the folly of the noble, yet boastest thyself only after another fashion? Thou goest to the grave. Whither goest thou, O merchant, whose breath of life is in the increase of thy capital and revenues? Thou goest to the grave. Whither go we all, my beloved auditors? We go to the grave. Is death a respecter of persons, of titles, of dignity, of wealth? Where is Alexander? Where is Caesar? Where are those conquerors whose mere names made the whole world tremble? They were, but are no longer."

It is not difficult to imagine the effects produced by this noble voice, which resounded for five-and-twenty years through the lofty vaulted aisles of the sacred temple at the Hague. We can form some clear idea of its influence from the deep veneration and pious affection in which the memory of the great pulpit orator is still kept alive in Holland, where his works are fondly regarded and read to this day.

Saurin died in December, 1730; and four hours before he expired he seemed filled with the greatness of God. "What is the longest life?" he remarked; "literally nothing. There is no consolation for man but in religion." He said to the persons weeping at his couch, "Weep not; death is nothing; it is disarmed of its sting for me. I have only thanks to render to God. I am happy: I am surrounded with the Divine consolation. I have feared death, but it is nothing. Bless the Lord for the succor he gives me!"

To those present Saurin gave his parting blessings. "I am not alone," was his departing language. "Jesus Christ sustains." "Do you feel any fear?" "No, no; I am happy. What glory! What happiness! Come, Lord Jesus, come!"

Then he called his son, and said, "My son, love the Lord; love religion; that alone is good. Do you understand me, my son?" The child replying, "Yes," the dying preacher exclaimed, "O Lord, show me thy glory! show me thy face!" and without a struggle, in a few moments, the

spirit of James Saurin passed away from the earth. He was only fifty-three years old. Blessed Gospel! the faith which he so eloquently preached to others was his best support at the last moment.

GROWING OLD.

BY A WOMAN.

GROWING old. A time we talk of, and jest or moralize over, but find almost impossible to realize—at least to ourselves. In others we can see its approach clearer; yet even then we are slow to recognize it. "What, Miss So-and-so looking old—did you say? Impossible: she is quite a young person; only a year older than I—and that would make her just—. Bless me! I am forgetting how time goes on. Yes"—with a faint depreciation which truth forbids you to contradict, and politeness to notice—"I suppose we are neither of us so young as we used to be."

Without doubt, it is a trying crisis in a woman's life—a single woman's particularly—when she begins to suspect she "is not so young as she used to be;" that, after crying "wolf" ever since the respectable maturity of seventeen—as some young ladies are fond of doing, to the extreme amusement of their friends—the grim wolf, old age, is actually showing his teeth in the distance; and no courteous blindness on the part of these said friends, no alarmed indifference on her own, can neutralize the fact, that he is, if still far off, in sight. And, however charmingly poetical he may appear to sweet fourteen-and-a-half, who writes melancholy verses about "I wish I were again a child," or merry three-and-twenty, who preserves in silver paper "my first gray hair," old age, viewed as a near approaching reality, is—quite another thing.

To feel that you have had your fair half at least of the ordinary term of years allotted to mortals; that you have no right to expect to be any handsomer or stronger than you are now; that you have climbed to the summit of life, whence the next step must necessarily be decadence. Ay, though you do not feel it; though the air may be as fresh, and the view as grand—still, you know that it is so. Slower or faster, you are going down-hill. To those who go "hand in hand,"

"And sleep together at the foot,"

it may be a safer and sweeter descent; but I am writing for those who have to make the descent alone.

It is not a pleasant descent at the beginning—when you find your acquaintance delicately abstaining from the term “old maid” in your presence, or immediately qualifying it by an eager panegyric on the solitary sisterhood; when servants address you as “Ma’am” instead of “Miss;” and if you are at all stout and comfortable-looking, strange shopkeepers persist in making out your bills to “Mrs. Blank,” and pressing upon your notice toys and perambulators.

Rather trying, too, when in speaking of yourself as a “girl”—which, from long habit, you unwittingly do—you detect a covert smile on the face of your interlocutor; or, led by chance excitement to deport yourself in an ultra-youthful manner, some instinct warns you that you are making yourself ridiculous; or catching in some strange looking-glass the face that you are too familiar with to notice much, ordinarily, you suddenly become aware that it is *not* a young face; that it will never be a young face again; that it will gradually alter and alter, till the known face of your girlhood, whether plain or pretty, loved or disliked, admired or despised, will have altogether vanished—nay, is vanished: look as you will, you can not see it any more.

There is no denying the fact, and it ought to silence many an ill-natured remark upon “mutton dressed lamb-fashion,” “young ladies of a certain age,” and the like—that with the most people the passing from maturity to middle age is so gradual, as to be almost imperceptible to the individual concerned. It is very difficult for a woman to recognize that she is growing old; and to many—nay, to all more or less—this recognition can not but be fraught with considerable pain. Even the most frivolous are somewhat to be pitied, when, not conducting themselves as *passées*, because they really do not think it, they expose themselves to all manner of misconstructions by still determinedly grasping that fair scepter of youth, which they never suspect is now the merest “rag of sovereignty”—sovereignty deposed.

Nor can the most sensible woman fairly put aside her youth—all it has enjoyed, or lost, or missed—its hopes and interests, omissions and commissions, doings and sufferings—satisfied that it is henceforth to be considered entirely as a thing gone by—without a momentary spasm of the heart. Young people forget this as completely as they forget that they themselves may one day experience the same, or they would not be so ready to laugh at even the foolishness of those foolish old virgins, who deem herself juvenile long after every body else has ceased to share in the pleasing delusion, and thereby makes both

useless and ridiculous that season of early autumn which ought to be the most peaceful, abundant, safe, and sacred time in a woman's whole existence. They would not, with the proverbial harsh judgment of youth, scorn so cruelly those poor little absurdities, of which the unlucky person who indulges therein is probably quite unaware—merely dresses as she has always done, and carries on the harmless coquetties of her teens, unconscious how exceedingly ludicrous they appear in a lady of—say forty! Yet in this sort of exhibition, which society too often sees and enjoys, any honest heart can not but often feel that of all the actors engaged in it, the one who plays the least objectionable and disgraceful part is she who only makes a fool of herself.

Yet why should she do it? Why cling so desperately to the youth that will not stay? and which, after all, is not such a very precious or even a happy thing? Why give herself such a world of trouble to deny or conceal her exact age, when half her acquaintance must either know it or guess it, or be supremely indifferent about it? Why appear dressed—undressed, cynics would say—after the pattern of her niece, the belle; annoying the eye with beauty either half withered, or long overblown, and which in its prime would have been all the lovelier for more concealment?

In this matter of dress, a word or two. There are two styles of costume which ladies past their *première jeunesse* are most prone to fall into: one hardly knows which is the worst. Perhaps, though, it is the ultra-juvenile—such as the insane juxtaposition of a yellow skin and white talar-tane, or the anomalous adorning of gray hair with artificial flowers. It is said that you can only make yourself look younger by dressing a little older than you really are; and truly I have seen many a woman look withered and old in the customary evening dress, which, being unmarried, she thinks necessary to shiver in, who would have appeared fair as a sunshiny October day, if she would only have done nature the justice to assume, in her autumn-time, an autumnal livery—if she would only have the sense to believe that gray hair was meant to soften wrinkles and brighten faded cheeks, giving the same effect for which our youthful grandmothers wore powder; that flimsy, light-colored gowns, fripperied over with trimmings, only suit airy figures and active motions; that a sober-tinted substantial gown and a pretty cap will any day take away ten years from a lady's appearance. Above all, if she would observe this one grand rule of the toilet, always advisable, but after youth indispensable—

that though good personal "points" are by no means a warrant for undue exhibition thereof, no point that is positively unbecoming ought ever, by any pretense of fashion or custom, to be shown.

The other sort of dress, which, it must be owned, is less frequent, is the dowdy style. People say—though not very soon—"O, I am not a young woman now; it does not signify what I wear." Whether they quite believe it, is another question; but they say it—and act upon it when laziness or indifference prompts. Foolish women! they forget that if we have reason at any time more than another to mind our "looks," it is when our looks are departing from us. Youth can do almost any thing in the toilet—middle age can not; yet it is none the less bound to present to her friends and society the most pleasing exterior she can. Easy is it to do this when we have those about us who love us, and take notice of what we wear, and in whose eyes we would like to appear gracious and lovely to the last, so far as nature allows; not easy when things are otherwise. This perhaps is the reason why we see so many unmarried women grow careless and "old-fashioned" in their dress—"What does it signify—nobody cares."

I think a woman ought to care a little for herself—a very little. Without preaching up vanity, or undue waste of time over that most thankless duty of adorning one's self for nobody's pleasure in particular—is it not still a right and becoming feeling to have some respect for that personality which, as well as our soul, heaven gave us to make the best of? And is it not our duty—considering the great number of uncomely people there are in the world—to lesson it by each of us making herself as little uncomely as she can?

Because a lady ceases to dress youthfully, she has no excuse for dressing untidily; and though, having found out that one general style suits both her person, her taste, and convenience, she keeps to it, and generally prefers molding the fashion to herself, rather than herself to the fashion, still that is no reason why she should shock the risible nerves of one generation, by showing up to them the out-of-date costume of another. Neatness invariable, hues carefully harmonized, and, as time advances, subsiding into a general unity of tone, softening and darkening in color, till black, white, and gray alone remain, as the suitable garb for old age; these things are every woman's bounden duty to observe as long as she lives.

That slow, fine, and yet perceptible change of mien and behavior, natural and proper to advancing years, is scarcely reducible to rule at all. It is but the outward reflection of an inward pro-

cess of the mind. We only discover its full effect by the absence of it, as noticeable in a person "who has such very 'young' manners," who falls into raptures of enthusiasm, and expresses loudly every emotion of her nature. Such a character, when real, is unobjectionable—nay, charming, in extreme youth; but the great improbability of its being real, makes it rather ludicrous, if not disagreeable, in mature age, when the passions die out, or are quieted down, the sense of happiness itself is calm, and the fullest, tenderest tide of which the loving heart is capable may be described by those "still waters" which "run deep."

To "grow old gracefully," as one, who truly has exemplified her theory, has written and expressed it, is a good and beautiful thing; to grow old worthily, a better. And the first effort to that end, is not only to recognize, but to become personally reconciled to the fact of youth's departure; to see, or, if not seeing, to have faith in, the wisdom of that which we call change, yet which is in truth progression; to follow openly and fearlessly, in ourselves and our own life, the same law which makes spring pass into summer, summer into autumn, autumn into winter, preserving an especial beauty and fitness in each of the four.

Yes, if women could only believe it, there is a wonderful beauty even in growing old. The charm of expression arising from softened temper or ripened intellect, often amply atones for the loss of form and coloring; and, consequently, to those who never could boast either of these latter, years give much more than they take away. A sensitive person often requires half a lifetime to get thoroughly used to this corporeal machine, to attain a wholesome indifference both to its defects and perfections—and to learn at last, what nobody would acquire from any teacher but experience, that it is the mind alone which is of any consequence; that with a good temper, sincerity, and a moderate stock of brains—or even the two former only—any sort of body can in time be made useful, respectable, and agreeable, as a traveling dress for the soul. Many a one, who was absolutely plain in youth, thus grows pleasant and well-looking in declining years. You will hardly ever find any body, not ugly in mind, who is repulsively ugly in person after middle life.

So with the character. If a woman is ever to be wise or sensible, the chances are that she will have become so somewhere between thirty and forty. Her natural good qualities will have developed; her evil ones have either been partly subdued, or have overgrown her like rampant weeds; for however we may talk about people

being "not a whit altered," "just the same as ever," not one of us is, or can be, for long together, exactly the same; no more than that the body we carry with us is the identical body we were born with, or the one we supposed ours seven years ago. Therein, as our spiritual self which inhabits it, goes on a perpetual change and renewal: if this ceased, the result would be, not permanence, but corruption. In moral and mental, as well as physical growth, it is impossible to remain stationary; if we do not advance we retrograde. Talk of "too late to improve," "too old to learn," etc. Idle words! A human being should be improving with every day of a lifetime; and will probably have to go on learning through all the ages of immortality.

And this brings me to one among the number of what I may term "the pleasures of growing old."

At our outset, "to love" is the verb we are most prone to conjugate; afterward we discover that, though the first, it is by no means the sole verb in the grammar of life, or even the only one that implies—*vide* Murray—"to be, to do, or to suffer." To know—that is, to acquire, to find out, to be able to trace and appreciate the causes of things, gradually becomes a necessity, an exquisite delight. We begin to taste the full meaning of that promise which describes the other world as a place where "we shall know even as we are known." Nay, even this world, with all its burdens and pains, presents itself in a phase of abstract interest entirely apart from ourselves and our small lot therein, whether joyful or sorrowful. We take pleasure in tracing the large workings of all things—more clearly apprehended as we cease to expect, or conduct ourselves as if we expected, that Providence will appear as *Deus ex machina* for our own private benefit. We are able to pass out of our own small daily sphere, and take interest in the marvelous government of the universe; to see the grand workings of cause and effect, the educing of good out of apparent evil, the clearing away of the knots in tangled destinies, general or individual, the wonderful agency of time, change, and progress in ourselves, in those surrounding us, and in the world at large. We have lived just long enough to catch a faint tone or two of the large harmonies of nature and fate—to trace the apparent plot and purpose of our own life and that of others, sufficiently to make us content to sit still and see the play played out. As I once heard said, "We feel we should like to go on living, were it only out of curiosity."

In small minds this feeling expands itself in

meddling, gossiping, scandal-mongering; but such are only the abortive developments of a right noble quality, which, properly guided, results in benefits incalculable to the individual and to society. For, undoubtedly, the after-half of life is the best working time. Beautiful is youth's enthusiasm, and grand are its achievements; but the most solid and permanent good is done by the persistent strength and wide experience of middle age.

A principal agent in this is a blessing which rarely comes till then—contentment: not mere resignation, a passive acquiescence in what can not be removed, but active contentment; bought, and cheaply too, by a personal share in that daily account of joy and pain, which, the longer one lives the more one sees, is pretty equally balanced in all lives. Young people are happy—enjoy ecstatically, either in prospect or fruition, "the top of life;" but they are very seldom contented. It is not possible. Not till the cloudy maze is half traveled through, and we begin to see the object and purpose of it, can we really be content.

One great element in this—nor let us think shame to grant that which God and nature also allow—consists in the doubtful question "to marry or not to marry," being by this time generally settled; the world's idle curiosity or impertinent meddling therewith having come to an end; which alone is a great boon to any woman. Her relations with the other sex imperceptibly change their character, or slowly decline. Though there are exceptions, of old lovers who have become friends, and friends whom no new love could make swerve from the fealty of years, still it usually happens thus. If a woman wishes to retain her sway over mankind, not an unnatural wish even in the good and amiable, who have been long used to attention and admiration in society, she must do it by means quite different from any she has hitherto employed. Even then, be her wit ever so sparkling, her influence ever so pure and true, she will often find her listener preferring bright eyes to intellectual conversation, and the satisfaction of his heart to the improvement of his mind. And who can blame him?

Pleasant as men's society undoubtedly is; honorable, well-informed gentlemen, who meet a lady on the easy neutral ground of mutual esteem, and take more pains to be agreeable to her than, unfortunately, her own sex frequently do; they are, after all, but men. Not one of them is really necessary to a woman's happiness, except the one whom, by this time, she has probably either seen, or lost, or found. Therefore, however uncomplimentary this may sound to those charming

and devoted creatures, which, of course, they always are in ladies', *young ladies'* society, an elderly lady may be well content to let them go, before they depart of their own accord. I fear the waning coquette and the ancient beauty, as well as the ordinary woman, who has had her fair share of both love and liking, must learn and show by her demeanor she has learned that the only way to preserve the unfeigned respect of the opposite sex, is by letting them see that she can do without either their attention or their admiration.

Another source of contentment, which in youth's fierce self-dependence it would be in vain to look for, is the recognition of one's own comparative unimportance and helplessness in the scale of fate. We begin by thinking we can do every thing, and that every thing rests with us to do; the merest trifle frets and disturbs us, the restless heart wears itself with anxieties over its own future, the tender one over the futures of those dear to it. Many a young face do I see, wearing the indescribable *Martha*-look—"troubled about many things"—whom I would fain remind of the anecdotes of the ambassador in China. To him, tossing sleepless on his bed, his old servant said:

"Sir, may I put to you, and will you answer, three questions? First, did not the Almighty govern this world very well before you came into it?"

"Of course."

"And will He not also do the same when you are gone out of it?"

"I know that."

"Then, do you not think, sir, that He is able to govern it while you are in it?"

The ambassador smiled assent, turned round, and slept calmly.

Alas, it is the slowest and most painful lesson that Faith has to learn—Faith, not Indifference—to do steadfastly and patiently all that lies to her hand; and there leave it, believing that the Almighty is able to govern his own world.

It is said that we suffer less as we grow older; that pain, like joy, becomes dulled by repetition, or by the callousness that comes with years. In one sense this is true. If there is no joy like the joy of youth, the rapture of a first love, the thrill of a first ambition, God's great mercy has also granted that there is no anguish like youth's pain; so total, so hopeless, blotting out earth and heaven, falling down upon the whole being like a stone. This never comes in after-life, because the sufferer, if he or she have lived to any purpose at all, has learned that God never meant

any human being to be crushed under any calamity like a blindworm under a stone.

For lesser evils the fact that our interests gradually take a wider range, allows more scope for the healing power of compensation. Also our strongest idiosyncracies, our loves, hates, sympathies, and prejudices, having assumed a more rational and softened shape, we do not present so many angles for the rough attrition of the world. Likewise, with the eye of that Faith already referred to, we have come to view life in its entirety, instead of agonizingly puzzling over its disjointed parts, which are not, and were never meant to be, made wholly clear to mortal eye. And that calm twilight, which by nature's kindly law so soon begins to creep over the past, throws over all things a softened coloring which together transcends and forbids regret. I suppose there is hardly any woman with a good heart, and a clear conscience, who does not feel, on the whole, the infinite truth of the following verses, which I here add, partly because a pleasant rhyme is a wholesome thing to cling about the memory, and partly in the hope that some one may own or claim this anonymous song:

"Do ye think of the days that are gone, Jeanie,
As ye sit by your fire at night?
Do ye wish that the morn would bring back the time,
When your heart and your step were so light?
'I think of the days that are gone, Robin,
And of all that I joyed in then;
But the brightest that ever arose on me
I have never wished back again.'

'Do ye think of the hopes that are gone, Jeanie,
As ye sit by your fire at night?
Do ye gather them up as they faded fast
Like buds with an early blight?
'I think of the hopes that are gone, Robin,
And I mourn not their stay was fleet;
For they fell as the leaves of the red rose fall,
And were even in falling sweet.'

'Do ye think of the friends that are gone, Jeanie,
As ye sit by your fire at night?
Do ye wish they were round you again once more
By the hearth that they made so bright?
'I think of the friends that are gone, Robin,
They are dear to my heart as then;
But the best and the dearest among them all
I have never wished back again!'

Added to all these reasons, contentment, faith, cheerfulness, and the natural calming down of both passions and emotion, which give a woman greater capacity for usefulness in middle life, than in any previous portion of her existence, is another—her greater independence. By the time she has arrived at the half of those threescore years and ten, which form the largest available limit of active life, she will generally have become, in the

best sense of the term, her own mistress; I do not mean as regards exemption from family ties and restrictions, for this sort of liberty is sadder than bondage, but she will be mistress over herself—she will have learned to understand herself, mentally and bodily. Nor is this last a small advantage, for it often takes years to comprehend, and act upon when comprehended, the physical peculiarities of one's own constitution. Much valetudinarianism among women arises from ignorance or neglect of the commonest sanitary laws; and indifference to that grand preservative of a healthy body, a well-controlled, healthy mind. Both of these are more attainable in middle age than youth; and, therefore, the sort of happiness they bring—a solid, useful, available happiness—is more in her power then than at any earlier period.

And why? Because she has ceased to think principally of herself and her own pleasures; because happiness itself has become to her an accidental thing, which the good God may give or withhold as he sees most fit for her—most adapted to the work for which he means to use her in her generation. This conviction of being at once an active and a passive agent—self-working, and worked upon—is surely consecration enough to form the peace, nay, the happiness, of any good woman's life: enough, be it ever so solitary, to sustain till the end.

In what manner such a conviction should be carried out, no one individual can venture to advise. Women's work is, in this age, if undefined, almost unlimited, when the woman herself so chooses. She alone can be a law unto herself; deciding, acting according to the circumstances in which her lot is placed.

And have we not many who do so act? Women of property, whose name is a proverb for generous and wise charities—whose riches, carefully guided, flow into innumerable channels freshening the whole land; women of rank and influence, who use both, or lay aside both, in the simplest humility, for labors of love, which level, or rather raise, all classes to one common sphere of womanhood; and many others, of whom the world knows nothing, who have taken the wisest course that any unmarried women can take, and made for themselves a home and a position: some as the ladies Bountiful of a country neighborhood; some as elder sisters, on whom has fallen the bringing up of whole families, and to whom has tacitly been accorded the headship of the same, by the love and respect of more than one generation thereof; and some as writers, painters, and professional women generally, who make the most of the special gift apparently allotted to

them, believing that, be it great or small, it is not theirs either to lose or to waste, but that they must one day render up to the Master his own, with usury.

Would that, instead of bringing up our young girls with the notion that they are to be wives, or nothing—matrons, with an acknowledged position and duties, or with no position and duties at all—we could instill into them, that, above and before all, they are to be *women*—women, whose character is of their own making, and whose lot lies in their own hands. Not through any foolish independence of mankind, or adventurous misogamy: let people prate as they will, the woman was never born yet who would not cheerfully and proudly give herself and her whole destiny into a worthy hand, at the right time, and under fitting circumstances—that is, when her whole heart and conscience accompanied and sanctioned the gift. But marriage ought always to be a question not of necessity but choice. Every girl ought to be taught that a hasty, loveless union stamps upon her as foul dishonor as one of those connections which omit the legal ceremony altogether; and that, however pale, dreary, and toilsome a single life may be, unhappy married life must be tenfold worse—an ever-haunting temptation, an incurable regret, a torment from which there is no escape but death. There is many a bridal-chamber over which ought to be placed no other inscription than that well-known one over the gate of Dante's hell:

"Lasciate ogni speranza, voi chi entrate."

God forbid that any woman in whose heart is any sense of real marriage, with all its sanctity, beauty, and glory, should ever be driven to enter such an accursed door!

But after the season of growing old, there comes, to a few, the time of old age; the withered face, the failing strength, the bodily powers gradually sinking into incapacity for both usefulness and enjoyment. I will not say but that this season has its sad aspect to a woman who has never married; and who, as her own generation dies out, or probably has long since died out, retains no longer, nor can expect to retain, any flesh and blood claim upon a single human being; when all the downward ties which give to the decline of life a rightful comfort, and the interest in the new generation which brightens it with a perpetual hope, are to her either unknown, or indulged in chiefly on one side. Of course there are exceptions; when an aunt has been almost a mother, and a loving and lovable great-aunt is as important a personage as any grandmother. But

I speak of things in general. It is a condition to which a single woman must make up her mind, that the close of her days will be more or less solitary.

Yet there is a solitude which old age feels to be as natural and satisfying as that rest which seems such an irksomeness to youth, but which gradually grows into the best blessing of our lives; and there is another solitude, so full of peace and hope, that it is like Jacob's sleep in the wilderness, at the foot of the ladder of angels.

"All things are less dreadful than they seem."

And it may be that the extreme loneliness which, viewed afar off, appears to an unmarried woman as one of the saddest and most inevitable results of her lot, shall by that time have lost all its pain, and be regarded but as the quiet, dreamy hour "between the lights;" when the day's work is done, and we lean back, closing our eyes, to think it all over before we finally go to rest, or to look forward, in faith and hope, unto the coming morning.

A finished life—a life which has made the best of all the materials granted to it, and through which, be its web dark or bright, its pattern clear or clouded, can now be traced plainly the hand of the great Designer—surely this is worth living for? And though the end may be somewhat lonely; though a servant's and not a daughter's arm may guide the failing step; though most likely it will be strangers only who come about the dying bed, close the eyes that no husband ever kissed; still, such a life is not to be pitied, for it is a completed life. It has fulfilled its appointed course, and returns to the Giver of all breath. Nor will he forget it when he counteth up his jewels. On earth, too, for as much and as long as the happy dead, to whom all things have long been made equal, need remembering, such a life will not have been lived in vain.

"Only the memory of the just
Smells sweet, and blossoms in the dust."

Chambers's Journal.

CHILDREN.

CHILDREN are tenderly loved and caressed, but every child is to be commiserated. A few are with it and for it, but the rest of the world, with its army of evil influences and desires, is arrayed against it. Unforeseen circumstances may determine its destiny for better or worse, and a thousand chances of disaster and failure are at stake, against one for its prosperity and success.

SAFE IN HEAVEN.

BY MARY E. WILCOX.

THE wind blows cold to-day,
The dead leaves are tossed and driven,
And the clouds are heavy, and chill, and gray;
But Sarah is safe in heaven.
Ah! the grave seems very cold
For our lamb so meek and tender;
But the great Shepherd keeps his fold
In fields of summer splendor.

The heavy rain falls fast
As day declines to even,
And louder sobs the bitter blast;
But Sarah is safe in heaven.
In our desolate fields and fells
There is not a single blossom;
But her head is wreathed with asphodels,
And rests on the Savior's bosom.

The snow drifts high and white
In the wild November even,
And the little grave is dark as night;
But Sarah is safe in heaven.
We need not fear for her
While here we tremble and shiver;
No winds that blow can waft the snow
Across the Silent River!

Still mourners tread the streets—
Still human ties are riven—
Still the cold wave of sorrow beats;
But Sarah is safe in heaven.
Still many a heart for rest
Wildly and bitterly yearneth;
O, happy thou, the early blest,
In the land whence none returneth!

Yet come, O glorified!
In the white robes of the risen—
Come back, and cast a pitying glance
Through the bars of our lonely prison;
Then fly, ere yet we know
That thou hast passed so near us,
And tell the dear Lord all our woe,
That he may help and hear us.

MIDNIGHT.

A SONNET.

BY REV. WILL S. PETERSON.

FROM the clay-prison where she fettered lies,
My soul looks up unto the glorious stars,
As a poor captive, through his iron bars,
Looks toward his native land with longing eyes.
And cheering thoughts within my heart arise
Of that blest moment when the soul shall throw
Aside the shell that now her beauty mars,
And, freed from the restraint of mortal fears,
Shall gaze with unvail'd eye upon the glow,
And majesty, and glory of the spheres!
O for an angel's pinions! I would soar
Upward, away from this dark dwelling-place,
To the celestial regions, and explore
The mysteries of planet-peopled space!

NIGHT BY THE OHIO.

BY C. C. BRONSON, M. D.

DIM falls the rays of parting day
 Along Ohio's winding shore,
 On tangled wild, on rock-cliff gray,
 With creeping moss all curtain'd o'er.
 The solemn footsteps of the night
 Tread slowly up the eastern sky,
 As fainter gleams the west'ring light,
 On river, hill, and forest high.
 Fresh dropt, from evening's coronal,
 Upon the river's slumbering tide,
 The stars, like golden jewels, fall
 In silent beauty, side by side.
 The harp-toned winds, that all the day
 Played with the pine tops on the hill,
 In low, sweet murmurs, die away,
 Faint and more faint—now all is still.
 Around me man and nature sleep;
 Time's dropping sands unnoted fall;
 Night's silent host their vigil keep,
 And God seems smiling over all.
 O, what a time for lofty thought!
 My spirit burns, and feels its power;
 And deep within my soul hath caught
 A holy pathos from the hour.
 Thus did red Zoroaster stand,
 Awe-struck, beneath night's mystic reign;
 Thus did the adoring Sabean* bend,
 The living hills his mighty fane.
 "Wondrous thy works, O God!" sublime
 Thy impress on the brow of even;
 They lift the heart from cares of time,
 And fill the soul with thoughts of heaven.

STANZAS.

BY P. H. HOLLISTER.

CALMLY pillowed on the wave,
 Sleeps the mist in fairy forms:
 "Children of night,
 Robed in white,
 Fearest thou not the king of the storms,
 That impatient howls in his granite cave?
 When he strides in gloomy might,
 With voice of terror, o'er the deep,
 Children of night,
 Whence is thy flight,
 When the yielding waves in terror leap,
 As o'er them he flashes his lurid light?"
 There came a voice through the sleeping dells,
 Roused wandering echo among the trees,
 Like the merry chime of silver bells,
 Or the whispered hymn of the evening breeze:
 "We fear him not; for when his might
 Rends us from earth away,
 Ours is a joyous upward flight
 To the realms of endless day."

*Hipparchus.

WILLA'S DREAM.

BY CARRIE M. CONGDON.

SWEETLY comes the golden morning
 O'er the green and woody hill—
 Gilds the lake so far below me,
 In its brightness lone and still;
 Gilds the thin white clouds of heaven
 As they calmly float above;
 Wakes the birds and dewy blossoms
 In the meadow and the grove.
 All this scene, so full of beauty,
 Makes me think of what I dreamed,
 When last night the moon was shining,
 And the silver starlight gleamed;
 Then I thought that up in heaven,
 I was with the angel throng,
 And I heard their choral voices
 Swelling forth in sweetest song.
 Then came one with white robes shining,
 And a harp of golden light—
 Came to me and whispered, "Willa,
 All this scene is very bright;
 But to earth again thou goest,
 There to tread a pathway lone;
 Hide this harp within thy bosom—
 It will breathe a soothing tone."
 Then another angel whispered,
 "Willa, ponder and beware
 Ere the spirit-harp thou takest;
 Though 't will make bright skies more fair,
 When the bitter winds of sorrow
 Round thy gloomy pathway sweep,
 Thou shalt feel a keener anguish
 If the mystic gift thou keep."
 Then the other said to cheer me,
 "Though when dismal tempests blow
 Joyless on the spirit harp-strings,
 Making there deep sounds of woe—
 Though thou feel a wilder sorrow
 For its mournful wail of pain,
 Soon 't will raise thy drooping courage,
 Cheer thee with its hopeful strain."
 Then I took the harp of beauty,
 Pressed it to my trembling heart,
 And I said, "O charm and blessing,
 Never, never will we part."
 Then I woke to see the morning
 O'er the rugged hill-tops break—
 O'er the hills so sweetly mirrored
 In the calm, unruffled lake.

A CHARM AGAINST SORROW.

A FLOWER do but place near thy window-glass,
 And through it no image of evil can pass.
 Abroad must thou go? on thy white bosom wear
 A nosegay, and doubt not an angel is there;
 Forget not to water, at break of the day,
 The lilies, and thou shalt be fairer than they.
 Place a rose near thy bed nightly sentry to keep,
 And angels shall rock thee on roses to sleep.

OUR YOUTH.

THEIR PRINCIPLES AND PROSPECTS.

BY REV. E. THOMSON, D. D.

NO serious mind can look without prayerful interest upon a body of intelligent youth. A French general, as he surveyed the corpses that were strewed over the bloody field the day after a battle, remarked that the natural increase of population would in one day make up to France all that loss. The observation was wanting in philosophy as well as in humanity. There is a great difference between a new-born infant and a full-grown man; to bring the one up to the other usually requires, besides time, dollars, and labors, and watchings, and fastings, and anxieties, and prayers. To mature the body, it has been estimated, costs a thousand dollars; to develop the mind, another thousand; to adorn it with classical learning, an additional thousand. But three thousand dollars is an inadequate exponent of the values which have been expended upon an educated young man. Through how many diseases—how many accidents and troubles by river and rail, by field and forest—how many errors of fact and of principle—how many temptations to folly and sin, has he been safely brought? Of the thousands who first drew breath since he, how many have fallen into that great circle of graves of all sizes, that have been opened round the world during the twenty years that have brought him to maturity? how many have become idiots? how many lunatics? how many have lost eyesight, or hearing, or lung, or limb? how many have become ruined by intemperance or lust? how many, enticed by avarice or ambition into the meshes of the law, are suffering or awaiting prisons or chains? how many are involved in ignorance, superstition, or skepticism? What money shall represent the toil and suffering that have been endured by mother and father, and teachers and friends, as they have borne the object of their care up to the platform of cultivated manhood?

Of the hundreds that enter college, *how few* receive a degree! Some retire for want of means; some for want of capacity; some for want of application; some for want of health; a few go from their undergraduateship to the grave; others leave for causes more to be deplored.

But life with an educated youth is but just begun. The machinery of providence necessary to train him up, embracing so many intellects and hands, and extending through so many years, indicates that some important results may be expected from him. Should his life and health be

spared, he will not likely disappoint this expectation. Such as he has been, he probably will be—thoughtful, studious, industrious, prudent; and such a one, if sound in mind, and placed in such a field as the United States, can hardly fail, in the course of thirty or forty years, to make himself felt either for good or evil. Which it shall be depends upon the principles that are to guide him.

Two scepters rule the world—selfishness and benevolence; and according as one or other predominates in a man's soul, is his life good or bad.

Most uncorrupted young men enter upon a life of benevolence. It is well that, at the outset, they examine their reward, that they may not be disappointed in it.

If they expect riches, they are mistaken. A benevolent man may, indeed, by a useful life, secure a competence; but let him not look for more. As man is fallen and his strongest propensities are vicious, he pays best for gratifications that are most injurious to him; hence, the most profitable trades are such as the benevolent man can not engage in—such as the opium traffic in the east, and the liquor traffic in the west, and war the world over. The most profitable arts of trade are such as win money without compensation, or steel the heart to sympathy—such are usury and the various forms of financial, political, and commercial gambling. If, by wise foresight or unusual good fortune, a benevolent man should obtain money, his heart will not allow him to hoard it. If, therefore, one is determined to be rich, let him resolve to be selfish; let his cardinal doctrines be, as concerns himself, addition and multiplication—as concerns others, division and subtraction; let his golden rule be the "Rule of Three;" let him cherish no principle but with an eye to interest, and allow no progression to his immortal mind but a progression through the nine digits.

Mark: we declaim not against accumulation, which is the foundation of civilization and the means of progress, but against the miserly spirit.

If one expects honor, he is mistaken. He who is most benevolent would be most honored, if men were angels; but they are not. The *physical* evils which mortals endure they can feel, and hence the lower forms of benevolence they can appreciate—such as feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, opening the eyes of the blind, and unshackling the feet of the prisoner; but neither the poverty, the nakedness, the blindness, nor the bondage of the soul can they feel: hence, he who would feed, or clothe, or illuminate, or emancipate it, is generally regarded by the objects of

his good-will as an enemy. Sin blinds, oppression stupefies, and habit reconciles to existing conditions, so that both oppressors and oppressed are averse to reform. Hence he who would live not to himself, but for others, may find himself opposed by all but God.

Moses was driven into the wilderness of Midian, and, even after he had led the people out of bondage, was maltreated. At Marah the Israelites murmured; at Rephidim they said, "Wherefore is this, that thou hast brought us up out of Egypt, to kill us, and our children, and our cattle, with thirst?" even at Sinai they said, "Up, make us gods, which shall go before us: for as for this Moses . . . we wot not what is become of him;" at Kibroth Hattaavah the people wept throughout their families, every man in the door of his tent saying, who shall give us flesh to eat? at Kadesh Barnea they cried and murmured against Moses and against Aaron, and said, "Would God that we had died in the land of Egypt!" till the Almighty, wearied with their rebellions, sent them back into the wilderness to die, finding only two of over six hundred thousand worthy to enter the goodly land prepared for them.

The patriot or philanthropist must encounter not only the ignorance, prejudices, and stupidity of the masses, but the arts, passions, and power of the rulers. Manlius, the brave defender of Rome, who devoted himself to the good of the people, for whom he spent his fortune, and proposed relief from taxation, was by that people, when they were deluded by the Senate into the belief that he aimed at absolute power, hurled from the Tarpeian rock. The Gracchi were led by interested and noble impulses, yet the patricians, whose arts and injustice they exposed, and whose grasp upon the public lands they relaxed, contrived to misrepresent, malign, and murder them. Socrates was the purest patriot of Greece; yet Aristophanes ridiculed him, Miletus criminated him, the populace defamed him, the Council of Five Hundred condemned him, and the executioner poisoned him.

Just what we might expect. He who rescues the oppressed must expect the anger of oppressors—anger that may well be dreaded, for they have the wealth, the influence, the power; they are the senators who control the capitol, the merchant princes who control the cities, the chieftains who control the councils; they hold the silver springs that move the press, the pulpit, and even the judgment-seat. They can, for a time, make any principles fanatical, any policy seditious, and any person the song of the drunkard. They can

even pervert history till coming ages discover the cheat.

As in the civil sphere, so in the sacred. Hierarchs who dispense ecclesiastical powers, and principalities, and dignities, must, in order to retain their authority unimpaired, be conservative of existing order; and as they control the Church, they have not only the proneness, but generally the power to crush him who would change that order. John the Baptist, they said, had a devil. Christ was crucified between thieves and in the place of a murderer; and men said all manner of evil against his friends falsely for their Master's sake. Paul, according to high-priests and elders, was at once a pestilent fellow, a mover of sedition, a ringleader of a sect, and a polluter of the temple. Luther and the Reformers in general were damned from crown to toe-nails. The Puritans were objects of contempt and persecution. Wesley was denounced as "the bell-weather of deluded thousands," and missionaries of truth in every land are execrated by the authorities of existing sacred orders. Prophets, and apostles, and martyrs have moved, from age to age, amid a storm of ridicule, and calumny, and hatred, to the world of light. The general principle—they that will live godly shall suffer persecution—is still vital. Though the world has changed its tactics, it has not lost its spirit. Nero still charges Christians with the fires that he himself kindles; but he has changed the beasts with which he worries them, and the pitch and flames with which he consumes them: while to the masses the prophet is still a fool and the spiritual man mad. Noble exceptions there are, but we speak of general rules.

Be selfish, then, if you would have the honors of men; do not *profit them to please* yourself, but *please them to profit* yourself; indulge their sins, foster their prejudices, favor their follies, flatter their weakness, follow their steps; when you see the breasts of the goddess, shout "Great is Diana of the Ephesians;" vote for Baal, whenever Baal is uppermost; and as you have praised the populace whom you despise, so will they praise the villain whom they do not understand. Or be a sycophant at the footstool of power; move foot and tongue at its bidding; and as you do the duties of a dog, so shall you receive a dog's reward—the crumbs that fall from your master's table. Fetter the noblest powers and impulses of the soul; turn all your genius into cunning; prefer your wages to your work; study not what you can do for your country, but what your country can do for you; and you may have the admiration of this generation—the pity and scorn of a

wiser one. Should any one say, if these things are so, the moral world is disjointed; so it is.

Let not these remarks be construed to teach contempt of the people, or contempt of authority; to foster either rashness in action or irreverence for age. God forbid! Honor to whom honor; prayer and pity rather than scorn and derision for the fallen and the foolish. Deliberation and patience, if you would work great social changes. Time is the great innovator.

He who expects success in a life of benevolence is mistaken—I mean immediate and personal success. One who confines himself to the petty orbit of self can hardly fail, for his enterprises are all Lilliputian. As a mushroom may mature in a night and an insect in a day, so innumerable schemes terminating in a man's temporal interest may be triumphantly carried out within the circle of threescore years and ten. But he who ascends to the great sphere of humanity must labor in hope, for the enterprises there are of such sweep and moment that they may require centuries for their accomplishment. He must labor in faith, for the plans embrace so many agencies that he is lost among them. He is as a single eye in a single wheel of an immense machinery involving wheel within wheel, all beaming with deep and penetrating intelligence, but moved by a mind whose ways are unsearchable. To train a single youth to manhood requires how many years and agencies! what then to civilize a barbarous tribe; to emancipate an oppressed race; to eradicate a vice rooted in the nature, the habits, the interests, and the laws of a people; to spread through a nation a truth unwelcome to the carnal heart; to enlighten, disenthral, evangelize, a fallen race, and spread over all the earth the beauty and fragrance, the harmony and purity, of paradise? Happy he who, like Luther or Wilberforce, is assigned a point on the sphere of providence above which some great orb-truth culminates, and whose brow is crowned with a glory in which multitudes of good men that have labored, and prayed, and died in obscurity, should share. To most good men it is given, like the coral insect beneath the waters, to toil unseen and die unknown to those who are to live in the isles of the blessed that will repose upon their labors. This be their consolation, that, being in the right, they are in God, and, being in God, they labor not in vain.

But may we not expect any wealth, honor, or success in a life of benevolence? Suppose not. Will you delay to enter your names in the catalogue of those whom God permits to die without receiving the promise, having provided some better thing for them? Little matters it what befalls

us in this vain and probatory life through which we pass as an arrow through the air.

But though a good man's reward is beyond the grave, yet may we promise a foretaste of it in this life. Hitherto we have spoken of the life of sense only. But we live also a life of reflection. The whole material universe is inferior to the feeblest infant; the former can not think, the latter can. Should a man lose his power to think, he might well give the universe to recover it. Of what value is matter to one devoid of thought? Enjoyments depend upon the capacities and susceptibilities of the subject as well as the properties of the object. "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." If goods are to be valued by the happiness they confer, one may be rich with two hundred dollars a year; another may be poor with two hundred dollars an hour. The selfish man usually has little cultivation; his soul, limited to the narrow circle of his money-chest, becomes contracted and cold. The Hebrides may make his bed, Turkey his carpets, and Damascus his curtains; Greece may fill his niches, Arabia furnish his fragrance, Italy ornament his walls, and Austria fill his saloons with music; while, from line to pole, all climates contribute to his table; yet he will find that harmony, beauty, joy, are not things of mere material nerve. "Nature," says Carlyle, "when her scorn of a slave is divinest, flings him a bag of gold, and says, 'Away! thy doom is that.'" Well said; for the slave in the galley or the cotton-field has no narrower or darker circle to tread than he. No divine philosophy illuminates his mind; no kindly sympathy softens his heart; no beautiful fancies throw their rainbows on the storms of life; no orphan's blessings reach his ear; no glorious uprising of the human race greets and animates his departing spirit. He lives to himself, and to himself he dies; humanity drops no tear, learning no laurel, and religion no incense upon his bier. Impatient claimants, rather than weeping children, gather around his remains as the eagles about a carcass. The philosopher, wrapping his mantle around him, and lying down under the open sky, may feel rich. For him the gales are full of fragrance and the hills of gold; the stars are full of beauty and the spheres of melody; and as he numbers, names, and weighs the heavenly bodies, measures their orbits, and calculates their movements and eclipses, he enters upon their possession, and makes them his ministers. Exiled to the wilderness, he is still opulent. In his capacious mind all history, all science, all literature, all arts, all nations, all governments, past and present, are

contained, and they come and go at his bidding. Virgil sings, Casar fights, Paul preaches, for his amusement and edification. Presidents and kings, conquerors and captured, small and great, living or dead, come up before his searching eye for judgment, and receive his approbation, or slink away before his exhaustive analysis of motives. Banished he may be from man, but nature owns him as her lord. Soils and plants yield the results which he predicts; the hills are transparent to his vision; air, fire, lightning, yoke themselves to his machinery, and move forward in speed and force conformable to his computations. Men reverence him while they fear him, and yield to his abilities, even though they affect to despise them. He may be imprisoned, as Bunyan or Raleigh, and yet he may be affluent; treasures of thought may pour in upon him in a perennial and increasing stream, and make his soul a mountain spring, from which coming ages shall drink and be refreshed. When he dies the world mourns, and sets up his image in the highways of mind. Besides the mental riches, there are other forms—such as the riches of rectitude. To be conscious of having done wrong is to be miserable, whatever our external or internal possessions. To be conscious that we are right, is to be happy, though we be in chains or in flames; it is to be strong too.

"Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires."

But man a world against a Luther, and he stands.

Then one may be rich in faith and heir of a kingdom; poor toward man, yet rich toward God; empty of cash, but full of good works; outwardly,

"Houseless poverty,
Looped and windowed raggedness"—

inwardly, jewels and gold. Infidels may sneer, if they will, at the faith, they can not at its riches—the calm trust, the meekness and quietness of spirit, the wisdom that comes from above, the charity that thinketh no evil, the sweet and deep communion with the infinite One, and the peaceful anticipation of the eternal rest.

Say not that it is a perversion of language to call spiritual things riches. What is riches? Not the mere circulating medium which bears its value on its face—that is money, from *moneta*, which signifies to mark; much less the stamped and rounded metal from the mint—this is cash, from the French *caisse*, a chest. Literally, these are neither riches, nor wealth, nor opulence; metaphorically, these terms have been applied to

bank-bills and coin. Riches, from *rego*, denotes power; wealth, from *well*, signifies well-being; opulence, from *ops*, abundance. Money may, indeed, confer power, influence, comforts, yet not without some knowledge and cultivation; intelligence, rectitude, and grace never fail to command them all in their nobler forms. Treasures of coin are uncertain, fugacious, deceitful, often tormenting, soon to be lost, and profitless in the day of death or of wrath. Not so those of mind. Now of this real wealth a life of benevolence can not debar us; indeed, such a life, by the tranquillity it will inspire, the tastes it will generate, the company it will attract, the studies it will suggest, and the enterprises it will open, will energize the soul, broaden the views, and purify the heart.

[CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT.]

THE BLIND EXHORTER.

BY REV. W. W. HIBBEN.

SAMUEL CHRISTIE, the blind exhorter, and nephew of the lamented William B. Christie, lives in the bounds of the Vienna circuit, in the South-Eastern Indiana conference. He has been blind since the days of his childhood, and is now perhaps twenty-four years of age.

Samuel's trade is that of a broom-maker—an honest calling, which he follows with industry, and makes money for himself and for his Maker. Last year he paid for the support of his circuit preacher about twenty-five dollars.

Samuel loves the preachers and loves the Church, and they all love him. He exhorts and sings well, and the people listen to him gladly.

He is a subscriber to the Ladies' Repository; and I could not but feel sorry for his misfortune, when the January number of the Repository came into his hands. It had in it a fine portrait of Bishop Baker and two other engravings; but Samuel could not see them, nor could we describe them to him. He turned over the pages; but to him the book was all a blank—no sunlight gleamed upon its pages, and no physical beauty marked its mechanism.

He had to ask others to read it for him; and in this way he gathers, from this and other sources, those pure thoughts which feed his soul, and make up the only ideal world of light he is permitted to enjoy.

But, with all these disadvantages, Samuel Christie, the blind exhorter, is an example to the flock of Christ—a faithful Methodist and a very useful young man. God pity and bless the blind!

"A HEART FOR ANY FATE."

BY MARY DEMING.

"Here 's a sigh for those who love me,
A smile for those who hate;
And whatever skies above me,
Here 's a heart for any fate."

"Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

"A HEART for any fate!" Could the surroundings of this thought be possibly more unlike than in the preceding stanzas? The one the expression of the recklessness of despair; the other of hope, a calm trust, and that faith which worketh earnest endeavor in the future. Between them lies a dark and thorny wilderness, the way strait, leading through morasses, up steep hill-sides, and winding over precipices, where a step to either side would be destruction. Doubts and fears perplex on every side, evil spirits start from their lurking-places, and oftentimes does the strong right arm of faith fall powerless in the contest.

Darkness—thick, impenetrable darkness—rests upon man's history, from the point where he turns away cursing, in the bitterness of his soul, the day on which he was born, doubting and blaspheming God, hating his fellow-man and rejecting his proffered sympathy, despising himself for what he is and sneering at others for being what he is not—to that where, humbled and penitent, he bows to an overruling Power, and goes forth trusting that He will yet, in the end, bring "light out of darkness."

Through all and alone must the soul go on its way, till it merges into the clear atmosphere of youth and hope. Above the clouds is calm, while below the fiercest storms rage. Let the soul be elevated and sustained by faith in God and man, and the jarring elements which scatter desolation over the fair face of earth will move her not; with patient endurance yet active exertion, she looketh to the end. Alas that so many should never reach the eminence!

Who can read the little poem of which the stanza first quoted forms a part, without picturing to himself the author driven to desperation, shunned by friends, assailed by foes, stripped of his household gods, his proud heart breaking but not bending, sitting down, on the morning on which he is to leave his native land forever, to write a last farewell to the companion of his revels, who had drank from the same cup with himself, and if not so deeply, neither so earnestly?

He went forth an exile and a wanderer. In the

desert of wretchedness which surrounded him he found, indeed, springs, but they were bitter waters; they could not bring forgetfulness—they could not charm conscience. "The worm, the canker, and the grief are mine alone," were the last notes of the harp which had entranced nations. A gleam of what he might have been lighted up the last moments of the defender of Greece, but faded away into a darkness which none may penetrate.

"A heart for any fate!" He had it not—how could he have it? Despite himself, he wore the mask but ill. The scorching, desolating lava of passion which he poured forth revealed the secrets of what had been its prison-house. From such a heart and from such a fate we turn away in sadness.

The "Farewell to Moore" and the "Psalm of Life"—how different! The one saddens; the other cheers. The one is the lament over a lost battle; the other the trumpet-notes that incite to victory. The one buries us in an abyss of misery and despair, where pleasures pall through satiety, and sullen endurance is held for patience; the other lifts us to the sphere of active life, where noble ends are obtained by noble means. With the author of the first we drift out into an unknown sea, without helm or compass, the sport of tempests, till, worn out with their violence, we are driven upon a desolate strand, strewn with wrecks like to ourselves. With the other we set sail upon the same sea, but with a port in view. We bid Godspeed to our fellow-voyagers; oft-times pausing to lend a helping hand to one who else had perished.

If Longfellow had written nothing else but this, our hearts would bless him for this one poem. It matters not that the credit of originating the thoughts is denied him. We thank him for bringing them together—for marshaling them in such soul-stirring harmony. Many by it have been made wiser and better, many hearts stronger, many despairing souls hopeful.

Only thus, only by doing what in us lies, leaving, in humble trust, the issue with the Disposer of events, can we be said to have a "heart for any fate."

BEAUTIFUL.

THERE is a sentiment as beautiful as just in the following lines: "He who forgets the fountain from which he drank, and the tree under whose shade he gamboled in the days of his youth, is a stranger to the sweetest impressions of the human heart."

A TRUE HEROINE.

NUMBER I.

BY MRS. L. A. HOLDICH.

IT is certain that those women to whom the world owes the largest debt of gratitude, have had their characters formed and their virtues matured amid the unostentatious details of domestic life. Some unusual event may have brought them into notice, but the power to meet the exigency grew out of self-sacrifice and the conscientious performance of a hundred uninteresting and apparently unimportant duties. When they first appear in view we see only the finished edifice, and have no idea of the painful process by which the stones that compose it have been chiseled and polished into perfect symmetry. It was in seclusion, amidst poverty, illness, and privation that Susannah Wesley trained minds that were to act upon other minds as long as time shall last; and in Elizabeth Fry we see from her journals how her womanly timidity struggled with her sense of religious obligation before she engaged fully in the great object of her life. We can imagine the toilsome days and weary nights that Florence Nightingale spent while she was fitting herself for her arduous task in the Crimea. Such greatness of character is not attained without many a painful struggle and many a fervent prayer.

We have just laid down some books* which give us so charming a picture of a loving and heroic woman, that we feel that we shall be doing a kindness to those who do not possess the volumes, by giving the brief outline of one who, in some points of character, may serve as an example to us all.

Grisell Hume was born at Redbraes Castle, in Berwickshire, Scotland, on the Christmas of 1665. It seemed suitable that the day that brought "good-will to men," should be the birthday of one who always lived to scatter peace and happiness around her in so eminent a degree. The mother of Grisell was a woman of piety, judgment, and great sweetness of temper, and Grisell was said to be her favorite child. Her father, Sir Patrick Hume, subsequently Earl of Marchmont, was a fine scholar and acute statesman, as well as a man of strong religious faith. He became odious to King Charles and his creature Lauderdale, for his bold remonstrances against their lawless impositions upon his Church and country, and was, in consequence, torn from his family and

kept a prisoner in Stirling Castle for four months. He had hardly gained his liberty when his intimate friend, Robert Baillie, of Jerorswood, a man of the loveliest Christian character, was arrested for the same cause. Grisell, who was then between ten and eleven years of age, became the little messenger-bird to carry a confidential letter from her father to the prisoner. Joanna Baillie, who has thrown a poetical mantle over our heroine, has fancied her lingering around the prison till the sentry was changed, and then following the turnkey noiselessly up the dark stairs, and entering the cell unobserved. Whether or not it was in this way she gained access to Mr. Baillie we can not tell; but it is certain that she saw him, and managed to give him the letter as well as to obtain an answer to it. There she first saw the son of the prisoner, a boy whom she afterward married. This adventure, so successfully accomplished, led her parents to rely still more entirely upon Grisell's tact and discretion—qualities which she had abundant opportunities of exercising all her life long.

A few years after his first confinement, her father was again thrown into prison for uniting with a party who were engaged in trying to prevent a Popish succession to the British throne. He was first sent to the grim old tolbooth at Edinburgh, and then to Dumbarton Castle. Again the talents of the little envoy were in request. One can imagine the fair and beautiful child painfully climbing the rock on which the fortress stands, with the red cheeks her daughter tells us of,* flushed by anxiety and travel, and her chestnut hair disordered by the wind:

"God, o'erwatch a thing so tender!
Angels, shield her from the blast!
Heart so loving, form so slender,
Needs be shielded from the blast."

She was protected on her journey and gained admittance to her father's prison. The feeling heart can judge what a solace to him the visit of the engaging little creature, just fresh from his own fireside, must have been.

Sir Patrick was once more released; but it was only to become again an object of suspicion to his tyrannical government. His friend Baillie was imprisoned for the second time, and a party of troops was sent to apprehend Sir Patrick in his

* The Ladies of the Covenant, by Rev. James Anderson: Redfield—in conjunction with Metrical Legends of Exalted Characters, by Joanna Baillie.

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* "She was middle-sized, well-made, clever in her person, very handsome, with a life and sweetness in her eyes very uncommon, and great delicacy in all her features; her hair was chestnut; and to the last had the finest complexion, with the clearest red in her cheeks and lips that could be seen in one of fifteen."—*Lady Murray's Narrative.*

own house. He concealed himself in the family vault at Polworth, which was a mile from the castle. Servants were not to be trusted in those times, for examination oaths were frequently put to them to induce them to make discoveries. Lady Hume, therefore, dared inform no one of the place of her husband's retreat but Grisell and a carpenter named Winter, who occasionally worked at the castle. With Winter's assistance Grisell smuggled a bed and bedding to him, and afterward walked the whole distance every night to carry him food and drink. She was then eighteen, and her way lay partly through the graveyard, where she stumbled over the uneven graves in the darkness. But her greatest annoyance was from the dogs in the adjoining manse. They barked so incessantly that she feared they would lead to a discovery, from which a quaint chronicler infers that "they evidently belonged to the arbitrary party." Lady Hume sent for the clergyman, and in some way managed to give him the impression that the dogs were so dangerous that it was his duty to have them hung, which he accordingly did, to the great joy of our nocturnal rambler.

There was difficulty in procuring food for the prisoner unsuspected by the servants. Grisell and her mother were sometimes compelled to steal it from their own plates, as well as from the children's. One day Grisell was determined to secure a dish for her father which he was particularly fond of, and managed to slip it into her lap while the children were eating their broth. When they were ready for the second course they were astonished to see that it had entirely vanished, and Alexander, a boy of nine, exclaimed,

"Mother, will you look at Grisell! while we have been eating our broth she has eat up the whole sheep's head."

The incident made a hearty laugh that night in the subterranean prison, and her father insisted that *all* the sheep's head should not be taken from poor Sandy another time.

How full of horror Sir Patrick's hiding-place must have been is shown from a little incident that has come to us. One night he thought that he saw a skull, which lay at his feet, move, and upon eyeing it steadily he found that it actually did so. Turning it over with his cane he saw that a mouse concealed within gave it motion. But he had blessed consolations in his prison. The light of heaven visited it; the words of inspiration cheered it. He read the Psalms till he knew them all by heart, and they spoke as sweetly to him as they have done to thousands in similar situations. How illuminated by suffering must

some of them have been to him! He retained them in his memory till his dying day, and not long before his decease repeated them to his wife without missing a word. The Bible was a cherished book in his family. Alexander, the little boy who was defrauded of his sheep's head, and who afterward became heir to his father's title and estate, was in the habit of reading the Bible through three times a year while an envoy in a foreign land, and the copy he read was preserved in the family, accompanied by a memorandum, which divided it into morning and evening lessons for the period of four months.

After her father had been for some time concealed in the vault, Grisell formed a plan by which she hoped to secrete him in his own house. For this end, in conjunction with Winter, she worked night after night to hollow out a recess under the floor of a lower room of which she kept the key. They feared to use instruments, lest the noise should betray them. So Grisell wore off her finger-nails in scratching out the dirt, which was put in a sheet and carried on Winter's back into the garden. When the excavation was completed a bed was put in a box and placed in it, and Sir Patrick brought to the castle. But, alas! water rose in the recess, and in his own house he was in more danger of discovery than ever. This thought made Grisell nearly faint with apprehension. And just then came the appalling intelligence that their dear friend Baillie had been executed at Edinburgh. We wish that we had space to tell of the glorious departure of this good man. "God was with him of a truth," says an angel of mercy, who stood by him to the last.* "The Divine strength was made perfect in his weakness. He seemed to be in a rapture—there was a shining majesty in his face—he spoke like one in heaven."

Sir Patrick was now convinced that there was no safety for him but in a foreign land, and Grisell roused herself to prepare him for his departure. For this purpose she worked incessantly to make such alterations in his clothes as would effectually disguise him. After many narrow escapes he reached Holland safely, by way of France and the Netherlands. He remained there till the death of Charles II, when he joined the unsuccessful Monmouth rebellion under the Duke of Argyle. Upon its defeat he managed to return to Holland. Soon after this we find Grisell and her mother going to London to petition for an allowance from their confiscated estates, for the maintenance of Lady Hume and her ten

* His sister-in-law, Lady Graden.

children. A small stipend was granted, and they prepared to join Sir Patrick in Holland. Her sister Julian, however, on account of ill-health, was unable to accompany them; so Grisell saw her mother and the other children safely landed, and then returned for Julian. She had also some business to transact for her father, which she concluded with her usual discretion, although not without many hinderances, which, her biographer says, would have overwhelmed any other person. Then, with her sister, still prostrated by illness, she embarked in a crowded vessel, with a brutal captain, who treated his passengers with unheard-of cruelty. Upon landing they set off to walk to Rotterdam upon a cold, wet night, with a gentleman who was also a Scotch refugee, carrying their luggage. The invalid lost her shoes, and sank under her fatigue. Grisell, whose back always seemed strong enough for any burden, carried her sister on it the rest of the way to Rotterdam. There her brother Patrick met them and accompanied them to Utrecht, where all past hardships were forgotten in the endearments of home.

And now we find Grisell maid of all work in her father's house; for their income was too small to allow them to keep any servant except a little girl "to wash the dishes." Grisell, therefore, went to market, and cooked the dinner, carried the corn to mill, washed and mended the clothes, as well as made them, and, "in short," says her daughter, "did every thing." Christian, the sister nearest to her own age, "had no turn for business," but a great love for music. Grisell loved it also; but amid the stern duties of her life she had no time for the cultivation of merely elegant pursuits. So, while Grisell worked, Christian sung and played upon a harpsichord, bought by her sister's industry. Miss Baillie has thus described Grisell's employment at this time:

"The last asleep, the earliest waking—
Her hands each nightly couch prepared,
And frugal meal on which they fared;
Unfolding spread the servet white,
And deck'd the board with tankard bright.
Through fretted hose and garment rent,
Her tiny needle deftly went,
Till hateful penury, so graced,
Was scarcely in their dwelling traced.
To her was crabbed lesson said;
To her the sly petition made;
To her was told each petty care
By her was lisp'd the tardy prayer,
What time the urchin, half undrest,
And half asleep, was put to rest."

"Could any young person of ever such a listless or idle disposition," says the same authoress, "read of the different occupations of Lady Grisell

Baillie and a sister of hers nearly of her own age, whose time was mostly spent in reading, or playing on a musical instrument, and wish for one moment to be the last-mentioned lady rather than the other?"

Yet the routine of Grisell's life was not wholly unenlivened by music and poetry. She sang sweetly, and had occasional visits from the muses. A book of songs in her handwriting is preserved in the Marchmont family, "many of them interrupted, half written, and broken off in the middle of a sentence."

They formed a happy family circle after their reunion. If there was "plain living," there was "high thinking" among them; and if their means were limited, through Grisell's care and ingenuity they were always able to extend liberal hospitality to those who, like themselves, were exiles for conscience' sake. They said they were never happier than during that period of exile and comparative poverty, and that Providence seemed to work miracles for them. The brave, learned, cheerful, and pious father, and the gentle and devout mother, looked with gratitude upon the living wreath that adorned their fireside, of which the cheerful and industrious Grisell was the brightest rose. It is beautiful to read how she rose early in the morning to make her father's fire in his study, awoke him, and prepared his daily draught. Then the guardian sister dressed the children and brought them to their father, who, with Lady Hume, was their regular instructor. Like morning-light her sweet face seems to have given the earliest greeting to the whole family.

Another care was Grisell's. Her brother Patrick was a private in the Prince of Orange's guards, and, of course, his dress must not discredit his profession and his family. It was her task to keep it in order, and she often sat up at night to point his cuffs and collar after the fashion of the day.

During this period they were often visited by George Baillie, the son of their father's friend, who held the same situation in the guards as her brother. He had loved her since he first saw her a little child in his father's prison, but his love was as silent as undying, because Grisell knew that in their present circumstances her parents could not live without her.

But this leads us to turn to another chapter in our heroine's life, which we must, however, defer to a future day.

INTENSE study of the Bible will keep any writer from being *vulgar* in point of style.—*Coleridge*.

HOW TO LIVE A HUNDRED YEARS.

BY CHARLES NORDHOFF.

WE all wish for long life, but how few of us make any sacrifices to obtain the so much desired boon!

It would be vain to indulge the hope of, by any amount of care, attaining the years common to antediluvian man. David supposed the limit of human existence to be threescore years and ten. But physicians and the records of longevity lead us to suppose that any one having—what few, in fact, do have—a good constitution to begin life on, and continuing from early life systematically to take care of the soul and body, cultivating both continually, any such person may hope, barring accidents, to reach the age of at least a hundred years.

Physicians assert most confidently that in the human constitution there are elements of much greater durability than the average longevity would lead one to suppose; and that, in fact, with favorable temperaments, and under favorable circumstances, one hundred years would be by no means an extraordinary age. Of course favoring circumstances and temperaments are not so often united as to make one hundred years a common age any where at the present day; and the assertion above made must be taken theoretically rather than practically, and as a possibility rather than actuality.

It has been suggested by some ingenious speculator on the cause of antediluvian longevity, and the postdiluvian reverse, that this should be accounted for by the—supposed—gradual hardening of the earth's crust, which produced a like effect upon the bodies of all its residents—this hardening or stiffening of the tissues being in point of fact the main apparent cause of the decay of many persons whose already extraordinary longevity caused post-mortem examination to be made as to the cause of their deaths. Living man, unlike the diamond, does not last the longer for being harder. This condition is better illustrated by examples from the vegetable kingdom. The oak, the king of the forest, perishes when those parts of the wood which form its center or heart become so hard and compact as to be impervious to sap. So healthy man ceases, when his heart becomes so sluggish in its movements, so clogged, so to speak, as to be unable to do its work. If the works, like those of a watch, could be cleansed, it is possible the machine would go on and keep time—who knows how long?

As a first proposition, therefore, toward the establishment of the possibility of unusual longev-

ity, we may assert that it is not the wearing out of the machinery which we have most to fear, in a healthy human subject, but its *clogging* by humors, which may be likened to the dust which embarrasses the intricate wheel-work of a watch.

Next, we believe that by using the means which God has placed within our hands, and by abusing none of his gifts, we may succeed in greatly lengthening out the span of human existence. Temperance, regularity of habits, cleanliness, thorough cultivation and continual use of the physical and mental powers and faculties, command of the passions, and a contented spirit, will work wonders. Climate has doubtless great influence upon the duration of life. But it is rather sudden changes and opposite extremes of temperature which injuriously affect the health, rather than steady continuance in any given temperature, even in the extremes. New Orleans is by no means a healthy place; yet are the French creoles of Louisiana noted for their great average longevity. The old men are said to rather crumble away than to die.

Bachelors and spinsters figure very little in the records of longevity. The advice of *Punch* to a person about to marry, "*Do n't*," should, therefore, be reversed. "*Do*, if you want to live to a hundred years. Your chance is small if you *do n't*." It is the married life which most readily conduces to temperance and regular habits. Music, poetry, and the fine arts, which tend to humanize the passions, are thus highly beneficial to the human constitution, and these are most successfully cultivated in the domestic circle. The social affections soothe and quiet the otherwise restless spirit, and thus prevent useless wear and tear. The leisure time saved by every one from business, is by the family man employed in the amusements and enjoyments of home, and this renders him independent of those coarser sensual gratifications into which the bachelor falls ere he is aware.

To the ladies we may say that strong tea and coffee are highly injurious. Even the strongest constitutions are injured by a daily cup of strong coffee. How much more the tender, nervous frames of our American ladies!

Also, as cosmetics impair the healthful action of the pores of the skin, it is plain that they can not be used without injury. In fact, pearl powder, rouge, and all the various artificial appliances of the feminine toilet, which are supposed to improve the complexion, are rank poison. Plenty of sleep, plenty of cold water, and plenty of exercise in the fresh air, are the best purifiers of the complexion, and will bring more lasting roses to

the cheeks of our ladies than all the powders in the world.

Tight lacing need hardly be preached down in this country at the present day. Yet it is a melancholy fact that some ladies still debilitate themselves and undermine their constitutions by wearing "stays" and corsets. All unnatural compression, in any part of the body, is injurious; and corsets are a plain invitation to death, who will not fail to accept it.

On the other hand, how can that man hope to live to a hundred years, or even to half that age, who, in the eager pursuit of gold or profit, denies his frame its proper rest, its proper exercise, and its proper nourishment? Hasty eating breeds dyspepsia, which has well been called the bane of American life. Insufficient or feverish sleep debilitates the nervous system, and prepares the frame for the reception of disease. Lack of healthful physical exercise relaxes the muscles, weakens the entire body, and renders it incapable of continued effort.

Cleanliness is next to godliness, and is an essential not only necessary to the proper enjoyment of existence, but essential to the attainment of long life. Let no one hope to attain a hundred years who does not love clear, cold water, and use it plentifully. Frequent washing or bathing keeps the pores of the skin open, and facilitates thus some of the most important operations of physical life. And here let us remark, that men and women of sedentary habits and occupations require more bathing and washing by far than even coal-heavers and sailors. The reason is obvious on a moment's consideration. Such persons move about little, and do nothing to *force* perspiration, and thus keep the pores open. Your porter or coal-heaver labors till he perspires from every pore. A bath after his day's work is a comfort to him, but not near so much a hygienic necessity as to the banker's clerk or the banker's wife. Finally, a free use of cold water tends to raise the spirits; and he who desires to live to a hundred years *must* keep up a good jolly spirit. One day of fretful, ill temper will set him back a year at least.

Again: he who wishes to live to a hundred years *must* work. Body and mind must be kept in a condition of healthful activity. An idler does not deserve to live at all, and Providence takes care that he shall not burden the earth too long. Work, work, work, that is the law. If you wish health, work. If you want happiness, work. If you desire long life, work. The greatest number of cases of extreme longevity have occurred among men and women who had been,

from a very early age, outdoor laborers of some sort. The human body seems to thrive wonderfully in the fresh air. Meager fare and labor almost exhausting seem to be the best creators and preservers of physical health.

But he who desires to live to be a hundred, and to enjoy the fact, must also keep his *intellect* alive. It won't do to nurse only the body and neglect the mind. Providence has so ordered it, that whatever of the powers intrusted to us is not used, does not grow with those which are used. It does not even remain *in statu quo*. It becomes debased—dwindles down into insignificance—and often perishes from sheer lack of use. There is no surer way to make an idiot than to prevent an intelligent being from using his mental powers. Hence the peculiar horror and cruelty of long, solitary imprisonments.

As to what degree of intellectual exercise is healthful, it is hard to say. A recent writer on the relations subsisting between mind and matter says: "There can be no action of the mind without some corresponding action in that part of the bodily frame that lies nearest to the seat of its operations; that is to say, every idea, every emotion, every act of volition, and every perception, however passive or fleeting, is necessarily attended by a waste and decay of a certain portion of the brain tissue. But this waste, like the continual decay of any other part of the frame, is repaired according to the natural laws of waste and supply; and, provided the exhaustion does not exceed the relief afforded by nutrition and repose, no injury can happen from intellectual, any more than from other operation natural to man. The main vigor of the body may be drawn to any part of its system, and it matters little in what direction its force is expended, the involuntary always being subservient, in this respect, to the voluntary powers. This concentration, however, should be gradually effected, and thus a habit will be acquired which, in time, it will become even needful for the health and comfort of the body to maintain. This supposes the due balance between waste and supply to be preserved. Let an unnatural demand be made upon the brain, and penalties as great, though not always greater, will be incurred than by an inordinate strain upon other parts of the frame. The intemperate use of any bodily organ is not only injurious to itself, but to the whole constitution. Under proper restrictions, therefore, such as should be observed in all human employments, mental study is not inimical to the physical powers. Men of the greatest intellectual acquirements, upon an average, live as long as others. The proportions are rather in their favor,

owing to the tendency of mental application to relieve bodily pain, to soften corroding anxiety, and to prevent stagnation and gloom."

The conclusions come to by this writer, as to the comparative or positive effect of intellectual pursuits upon the human frame, are as follows:

"1. Devotion to intellectual pursuits and to studies, even of the most severe and unremitting character, is not incompatible with extreme longevity.

"2. Mental application is a powerful remedy in diseases both of body and mind; and its power as a remedy is proportionate to its intensity as a pursuit.

"3. The emotions, especially those of a depressing kind, as anxiety, fear, etc., have a remarkable influence in giving tone to, and intensifying the morbid effects of, excessive mental labor. Yet, in some cases, as in those of Byron and Cowper, the best and only resource against despair is found in composition.

"4. The turmoils of active life do not appear to render intellectual labor more injurious to the system; possibly here, also, the influence may be counteracting.

"5. The injurious effects of mental labor are, in great measure, owing to excessive forcing in early youth—to sudden or misdirected study—to the coöperation of depressing emotions or passions—to the neglect of the ordinary rules of hygiene—to the neglect of the hints of the body—or to the presence of the seeds of disease, degeneration, and decay in the system.

"6. The man of healthy phlegmatic or choleric temperament is less likely to be injured by application than one of the sanguine or melancholic type; yet these latter, with allowance for the original constitution, may be capable of vast efforts.

"7. The extended and deep culture of the mind exerts a directly conservative influence upon the body."

As a people, we Americans certainly take less care of our health than any other civilized nation on the globe. Living in a changeable climate, we especially need robust constitutions, inured to sudden changes. But our gradual decay, as a race, is a matter of every-day notice to intelligent foreigners. The national health is certainly very poor. We are, in part, reaping the fruits of an absorbing admiration of *intellect* which is gradually passing away, after being the passion of an entire generation—passing away, but leaving its traces upon the forms, the lives, the passions of those who have lived under it, or were born under its influence. We are prone to admire delicate ladies, whom a breath of the free air of

heaven would overcome. All our sentimental-story writers have touched our sympathies by dwelling upon the sufferings of some angelic fair one, who lingered here a few years, and gently escaped from the cares—and joys—of life, just when she ought to have been a happy wife and mother. What American novelist dares to draw a healthy American lady? What American young lady dares to be perfectly, rudely, gloriously healthy herself? We have, among our women, plenty of beauty; but does it last? Of what use are human hot-house flowers, however fair and perfect?

But this matter lies not altogether among ladies. Delicate health is as fashionable among public men as it is among ladies. How many clergymen complain! How many Congressmen state themselves to be worn out! How many lawyers are under physician's hands! How many merchants and merchant's clerks are the victims of dyspepsia, and all its concomitant horrors! Can any reasonable and thinking person imagine that this is the natural state of things? Our climate is a bad one, is the general excuse. But if it is, what then? Why, take all the more care to begin active life with a good stock of robust, vulgar, rosy health. Let our boys study less and play more; and let their plays be such as shall develop their muscles, expand their chests, make strong their lungs, and give a natural and healthy tendency to all the various parts of their organizations. How many schools in our great country have a gymnasium attached? In how many of our high schools is it any thing but vulgar to excel in those gymnastic feats to which natural boyhood is so prone?

There is no doubt that, as a nation, our intellectual development has, for many years, been at the expense of our physical. We have traded on the capital of our fathers, but have pretty much used up principal and interest—and woe to those who come after us! With overgrown brains and wretched physique, what chance will they have to attain a hundred years?

To conclude, he who wants to live a hundred must be, in all things, a moderate man; but if he indulges in any excess, it had better be in the direction of work than idleness. Fresh air, fresh—cold—water, fresh, pure thoughts, plenty of exercise, plenty of sympathy with your neighbors, and plenty of gratitude to your God—these are things which tend toward long life; and, recommending these from earliest youth up, we make our bow to the fair reader, wishing that she may live to be a hundred, and grow prettier every day of her life.

THE BRIGHT EYE OF THE SETTLEMENT.

BY WM. T. COGGESHALL.

"WHEN?"

"At seven o'clock, on Thursday morning. We start at eight."

"All right. You can depend on me."

These words were exchanged by two young men in the shaded streets of a quiet New England village.

They had been schoolmates, and were intimate friends. One was about to take leave of the associations of his youth, and of his early manhood—the other had been invited to witness a ceremony which would unite to his friend, through sickness and health, through prosperity and adversity, one who had been to both of them a playmate in youth, but who had been more than a playmate to the elder in manhood. For a few days there had been wide-spread excitement in the little town. A colony for emigration had been organized. The bride and groom of Thursday morning were to join the band of emigrants. They would be the youngest married people in it.

The morn was propitious. There was a joyful wedding—then there were prayerful good wishes, and sad partings.

* * * * *

The honeymoon had passed, and autumn succeeded summer; when, in the midst of a prairie, whose regular undulations reminded the settlers of the ocean, from whose shores they had come, nearly a score of pleasant cottages surrounded a small, white church, and a white school-house.

Remote from other settlements, rarely having society, other than that which they found among themselves, being congenial in tastes and opinions, the New England settlers were more cordial—much more closely interested in each other's prosperity or adversity than they had been in the village from which they emigrated.

From gardens around their dwellings they had gathered one rich crop; and a second time flowers had bloomed for them in the apparently-boundless field, which stretched away in beautiful lines toward the distant horizon—when the census of their colony numbered one more than it did on the morning their white church was dedicated. There had not been a death—and the youngest bride was a mother.

The little immigrant was what all the maids and all the matrons called a sweet babe. He was a large, fair child, with light, curling hair, an expressive countenance, and clear, blue eyes.

When he grew large enough to run out of doors, and the men met him, as they went to, or

came from, their labors, they called him Bright Eyes. The women often talked of him as a promising child, and all were proud of him as the first-born of the settlement.

Remarkable for beauty, intelligence, and goodness, when he was two years old the settlers were, toward him, as one family. The women were hard workers; the men had rough hands and bronzed faces, but they had tender hearts. Frequently pains were taken to save nice presents of cake or pie for Bright Eyes, and sometimes a settler took many steps out of his way to carry him a flower, or a handful of berries.

Recognizing a bond of union in love for a little child, the colonists were happier than men often are where honors and riches command the choicest and rarest of the peculiar privileges of refined society.

* * * * *

Whether over all the prairie the fresh beauty of spring, the maturing glory of summer, or the pensive loveliness of autumn attracted attention—whether deep snow reflected the winter sun, or cutting wind swept dark clouds over the settlement, the colonists had time for, and took pleasure in, cheerful, social gatherings, singing schools, and prayer meetings.

Often, old and young meeting together, social visiting, singing lessons, and concert of prayer blended their attractions, their enjoyments, and their consolations.

On a dark night, in the last winter month, at one of those reunions, a few words, whispered from ear to ear, saddened every heart, and put a new fervor into the closing prayer.

Bright Eyes, the child around which the pride and affection of the settlement clustered, had been suddenly taken ill.

In childish enterprise and glee he clambered after some pictures on a book-shelf, and had fallen. He did not, at first, appear to be much hurt, and his father joined the winter-evening party. But before the hour at which the settlers were expected to seek their homes, a violent fever disturbed his brain, and filled his mother's heart with grievous apprehensions.

Though the succeeding morning was severely cold, and a fierce wind filled the air with drifting snow, scarcely had the day broken, ere the sad news was known at every fireside, that the hope of the settlement was dangerously ill with fever in a brain unusually developed. There, around a neat cottage, near the church, centered the entire interest of all the settlers. Little Bright Eyes knew no rest. Soon he did not know his father or his mother. Violent spasms seized him,

and irregular moans expressed a most painful struggle between firm disease and a strong frame.

At length, while his father held him in his arms, and his mother kneeled by his side, watching for a last look of recognition, he sank into a deep stupor, from which death took him peacefully.

It was Sabbath morning. Little children in their classes at Sunday school were told that Bright Eyes had gone to heaven.

In the white church, that day, a sermon from this text, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not," moved the sternest men, as well as the tenderest women. The head of the household from which Bright Eyes had been taken was the preacher.

Every settler felt then that affliction hath bonds of union closer than the ripest pleasure can furnish. To each other they renewed those vows, the keeping of which would enable their beloved pastor to lead them the way Bright Eyes had gone.

On the following evening, when the first-born of the prairie was laid in his little grave, every man, woman, and child, able to brave piercing cold, heard the clods fall on his coffin. Their hearts bled in sympathy. The pastor knew that the shadow which had fallen over his threshold, crossed also every threshold in the settlement.

At his saddened home he took leave of his people in only these words: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. The Lord chasteneth whom he loveth. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

Whoever visits now the village of ———, in ——— county, Iowa, may witness mutual respect and forbearance among all the people, from children in the street to men at their business, and women in their homes, which will puzzle his understanding as much as it will challenge his admiration, unless, spending a Sabbath there, he hears the village pastor preach the Gospel, and, affected by his pensive countenance, learns the story, I have poorly told, of The Bright Eye of the Settlement.

The features of this story, as true to real occurrence as my pen can make them, furnish a striking contrast to the features of a story, which faithfully depicts pioneer life, as it was in the west fifty years ago.

POWER.

POWER, like the diamond, dazzles the beholder, and also the wearer; it dignifies meanness; it magnifies littleness; to what is contemptible, it gives authority; to what is low, exaltation.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

BY M. A. C.

THE following poem was transmitted to us by our friend, Dr. Hills, physician of the Central Ohio Lunatic Asylum. We can not forbear prefacing it with the note which introduced it to us: "The subjoined lines were written by an inmate of this institution in one of her more lucid intervals. They are not faultless, yet have, in my estimation, much merit. The writer is a clergyman's daughter."

I love to view thee, beauteous star,
Shining in luster from afar;
Above earth's ever-varying scene,
Thou sittest tranquil and serene.

Thou dost thy peaceful station keep,
While underneath thee dark clouds sweep,
And storms may dash o'er earth and sea,
But storms may never reach to thee.

O could I mount yon azure blue,
And sit securely there with you,
With what delightful haste I'd go,
And leave this gloomy vale below!

As thus I mused, from yon bright sphere
A voice seemed wafted to my ear;
It spoke—at least to me it spoke—
And thus the pensive silence broke:

Stop, mortal, stop, and think one hour;
While I reflect my Maker's power,
Thou may'st reflect his richest grace—
Then cease to envy me my place.

Though high in heaven's blue vault I shine,
My nature's lower far than thine,
And thou may'st glow with purer light,
When I am quenched in endless night.

My home is in these lower skies,
And I can never higher rise;
But thou may'st soar to climes above,
Reflecting rays of heavenly love.

Around this dusky globe I roll,
Diffusing light from pole to pole;
But thou may'st shine in worlds unknown,
Revolving round Jehovah's throne.

My light is borrowed from the sun,
But thine is from the holy One:
Thy dream of earthly bliss let go,
And thy superior nature know.

I'm but thy servant, measuring time,
While thou dost seek this home sublime:
O mortal, then be timely wise—
Secure that never-fading prize.

Let all thy soul's vast powers unite,
And strive to gain that glorious height;
And thou eternity shalt spend,
When time and stars shall have an end.

IMPRESSIONS.

I HEAR a voice you can not hear,
That cries, I must not stay;
I see a hand you can not see,
That beckons me away.

TICKELL.

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A COUNTRY PASTOR.

NUMBER I.

ELLEN BLIGH.

DEAR FRIEND,—Your letter reached me as I sit musing over a fire on a dull November day. The distant hills are veiled in mist. The shrubbery which you admired so, when you saw it from my study a few months ago, is now but a ghost of its former self, and looks most dreary. Gusts of wind and rain beat at intervals against the window, with a sobbing, wailing sound, as though the old year were lamenting its sins and follies, or mournfully anticipating its doom. My little garden, so trim and neat when you were here, is now strewn with withered leaves, which rustle mournfully as the wind whirls them round in eddies, or sweeps them in heaps into the corners. What wonder, then, that I should have abandoned myself to a pensive, but not painful reverie? My thoughts were wandering up and down in the past. I was just repeating to myself that exquisite sonnet of Shakespeare's, beginning,

"When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear times' waste,"

when the postman's horn at the gate announced the arrival of your letter. Its request that I would write down a few passages in my life, falls in aptly enough with my present train of thought, though I do not see how these reminiscences can be of interest to any body, save a few personal friends; and much I fear lest an old man's garrulity should become tedious even to them. However, I bow to your infallibility, on condition that you preserve my *incognito* inviolate. I could not speak freely without exacting this condition.

I was just recalling a scene which affected me very much at the time, and to which my mind has often reverted since with deep interest, though perhaps the impression it made upon me arose from its being the first time that, as a pastor, I stood by the death-bed. I was then made to feel, as I never felt before, the solemnity and awfulness of the office upon which I had entered. It will be necessary to go back to the events which had happened some years before my entrance on the pastorate.

Ellen Bligh was the only child of a retired naval officer, of somewhat straitened circumstances, who occupied a pretty little cottage, just outside the village. Her mother died while she was yet an infant, and she thus became doubly

dear to her bereaved father. From that time she was his almost sole companion. He seemed to live for her alone. As soon as she was able to walk, they used to ramble together, hand in hand, for hours; she, prematurely grave and thoughtful, from having no companion of her own age; he, a little child again in his love for her. Years rolled away, and Ellen grew up toward womanhood, without a cloud having risen for a moment between her father and herself. When she was about eighteen, some circumstance, I forget what, led her to attend the little chapel one Sabbath evening. Hitherto she had known nothing of religion but the form. The clergyman of the parish was preëminently "high and dry." His course of sermons, which occupied twenty minutes each, lasted through the year, and were then repeated. They consisted either of refutations of heresies of which no one had ever heard; of invectives against republicanism and Dissent; or formal exhortations to do good works, the chief of which seemed to be the submission of the poor to the rich, and of all to the government of the day. My predecessor in the pastorate was a man of simple, earnest piety, and his discourse that night was specially adapted to Ellen's case. She has told me that up to that time she was not absolutely unhappy, but there was a sense of want, a craving for something, she knew not what, which might fill up the void in her heart. I remember her quoting the words of Augustine, as her own experience: "O God! thou didst create us for thyself, and our spirits are restless till they find rest in thee." She once said to me, "It seems as though I had been for years looking out into the darkness, and listening in the silence, expecting some one, I knew not whom, yet could not feel at rest till he had come; and while I was feeling after him, if haply I might find him, though I knew him not, my Lord came to me, saying, 'I am he whom thou seekest;' and I at once recognized and received him."

The reception of this heavenly peace and joy was, however, the occasion of her first and almost only earthly grief. In these new-born emotions her father not only had no sympathy, but regarded them with absolute aversion. He was from habit and instinct a steadfast adherent of Church and King. Of evangelical religion he was profoundly ignorant, and he looked upon Dissent as treason. His strong dislike to it was increased by the fact that Ellen now had feelings and preferences in which he could not participate. Love for her, bordering on idolatry, made him intensely jealous of any thing which threatened

to rob him of a single thought. When she began to speak of the evil of sin, the need of repentance, and the love of God to sinners, her language only confirmed his aversion to these new-fangled doctrines, for he supposed that the "cursed Dissenters," as he now called them, not contented with stealing the affections of his child, had poisoned her mind against him, and made her believe that he was a bad man. Her irresistible desire to steal away to the chapel, whither he would not accompany her, made him the more convinced that she was ceasing to love him. Though not absolutely unkind, he became cold, reserved, and distant in manner toward her, and, in sheer jealousy, would repulse her advances. All this she bore meekly, with silent tears and prayers that God would give them "fellowship one with another" in Christ also. Ah! poor child, her prayer was to be heard in a way she little anticipated.

When this painful state of feeling had lasted for some months, she felt it needful to her peace to make a profession of faith. After many tearful, earnest prayers, she told her father of her wish, and, though she pleaded with him most importunately, he forbade her. Up to this time her slightest wish had been gratified, her faintest request granted. Refusal now was doubly painful. What should she do? Should her earthly or her heavenly father be disobeyed? She came to the conclusion that for the present, at least, it was her duty to submit to her parent's prohibition, but she never ceased to pray that the privilege desired might be granted to her. Though she endeavored to disguise the fact as far as she could, it was only too evident that her health was breaking down under the internal conflict. Her father, too, though he gave no signs of yielding, was suffering no less than his daughter. At length, after a period of patient and prayerful waiting, she renewed her request, and her father, though expressing a strong dislike to the step she wished to take, withdrew his prohibition. Her duty, though still painful, was now clear, and she was received into the Church by my excellent predecessor. I do not know whether mental suffering had any thing to do with developing the seeds of that fell disease of which her mother died, but about this time consumption began to manifest its symptoms. Her complexion became transparent; the hand and brow, white as marble, were streaked with veins blue as the azure sky; the hectic flush, the eyes fearfully bright, the slight hacking cough—all told of latent disease.

When I entered upon my pastorate, and first saw her, these fatal signs had scarcely appeared.

Her slight and delicate frame seemed almost spiritual in its beauty. Was it more than a pastor's anxiety which made me think of her so constantly as I did? At the time I suspected nothing else. It may be that the exquisite grace and beauty of her character, and the surpassing loveliness of her person, may have awakened a tenderer feeling. Perhaps it was so. But I do not know, and it boots not to inquire.

For some months after my settlement I met her only occasionally, and our intercourse was of a very general kind. The settled grief she felt was of a nature too private to be confided to any save the most confidential friends, but I gathered these details from others. She continued to droop, and at length one of Captain Bligh's friends spoke to him of her illness, which all save himself had long seen. He almost angrily denied that she was suffering from any thing more than a slight cold. When any one asked after her health he always replied in the same manner. But from this time he watched her more narrowly, and his vehement protestations that she was pretty well were evidently intended to silence his own rising fears. At length he became seriously alarmed, and sent a message to the neighboring physician, asking him to call. He met Dr. Graham, on his arrival, with the same expression of perfect confidence. "A little cold, a passing indisposition in my daughter, Doctor, nothing at all; but you know old men get nervous." But when they parted at her chamber-door he gazed after the physician with a look so intense and imploring, as to satisfy the old servant that he was vainly endeavoring to blind himself to her state. And when Dr. Graham returned into the sitting-room with a look of grave anxiety and pity, the terrible truth stood confessed to his heart that she must die. As soon as he could somewhat compose his feelings he went to her room, and clasped her in his arms, crying, "My darling, my darling," sobbing the while like a child.

That afternoon, as my sister Deborah and I were just setting off on our usual walk, we were astonished to see Captain Bligh come up to our door. He was shown in, and in some trepidation I went to him, supposing that he had come to upbraid me for influencing his daughter's mind. To my astonishment I found him pacing the room in great agitation. His words were incoherent from extreme excitement. He said that he was his daughter's murderer, that he had broken her heart, that he was a devil of darkness—she an angel of light. He then uttered some severe invectives against the Methodist fanatics who poisoned her mind with new-fangled notions.

Ascribing this language to the excited state of his feelings, I passed over, without notice, his allusions to myself, and when he was sufficiently calm for me to enter into conversation with him, I endeavored to allay his fears as to Miss Bligh's health, and in reply to his self-accusations of having brought her to the brink of the grave by unkindness, I assured him that she never ceased to speak of his great love for her. He seemed to clutch with a convulsive eagerness at the hope of her recovery, which I suggested and really felt. Alas! I little knew that Dr. Graham had already pronounced her life to be a question of weeks.

Next morning my sister received a note from Miss Bligh, asking us to tea that evening. Of course we assented. You, who know my dear old Deborah, will smile when I tell you that in those days she used to be fond of a bit of finery, and often vexed me by keeping me waiting while she was at her toilet. On that eventful afternoon I remember that, instead of exhorting her as usual to that plainness of attire which was becoming in the member of a minister's household, I said in the most careless and indifferent tone I could assume, that we had better put on our best things. She only answered me with a quaint smile. On our arrival we were both shocked at the change which a fortnight had made in the poor girl's health. When we saw her last there was little or nothing in her appearance to excite alarm. Now she was scarcely able to sit up. Weak as she was, her countenance bore an expression of happiness I had never seen in it before. The coldness and reserve of her father had passed away, and with it had gone the settled grief which had oppressed her. Shortly after tea was over, she and Deborah withdrew to her room. Left alone with Captain Bligh, we, for awhile, made desperate efforts to keep up a general and desultory conversation. We criticised the weather under all its aspects. We talked of the war and the prospects of harvest. But all in vain. We constantly came to a dead stand. He, poor man, was dreading yet desiring to approach the subject which lay at his heart. At length, with a sudden effort, he said, "Must she die?"

"I pray God to spare Miss Bligh's life," I replied, "and trust that he will do so. But however great a blessing her restoration might be to her friends, she would find that to die is gain."

"You are right," he exclaimed, misapprehending my meaning, "I have made her wish for death by my unkindness. I have made life a burden to her. Even death would be desirable rather than the life she has had to lead for some

months past." He then, in the bitterness of his soul, went on to pour out invectives against himself, for his cruelty to her.

I allowed the storm to expend itself by its own violence, lifting up my heart to God for guidance all the time. And truly I needed it. It was a position of extreme difficulty for a mere youth to be placed in. At length the time seemed to have come for me to speak. I told him of the sympathy and compassion of Jesus, both with him and with her. I spoke of the peace and joy which I knew his daughter had felt in the love of Christ and the hope of heaven, and ventured to point him forward to the hope of reunion with her in another world. This view of religion, as communion with a living personal Savior, seemed quite new to him, and he eagerly caught at it; not, however, as though it contained any element of hope for himself, but because it helped him to understand the serenity and cheerfulness of Ellen under sorrow. How long this conversation lasted I do not remember, but it was broken in upon by the return of Ellen supported by Deborah's arm. In a low voice she asked her father if I might pray with them before going. His heart was too full to speak, but he made a gesture of assent; and reading portions of that most touching description of our Lord at the grave of Lazarus, I kneeled down and prayed.

We had scarcely finished breakfast next morning, when Captain Bligh was again at our door. I met him with less trepidation than on the previous evening. He said that he passed a sleepless night, from reflecting upon our conversation, and that he wished to renew it. "If," said he, "my Ellen, who is innocent as an angel, needs to find a Savior in Christ, what hope can there be for me, who am her murderer?" I need hardly say that I told him of "the blood of Christ, which cleanseth from all sin." He remained with me about an hour, which I spent, vainly as it seemed, in endeavoring to make him comprehend the fullness and freedom of salvation in Jesus. His fixed idea was that he had broken his daughter's heart by unkindness, and that there was no hope of forgiveness.

For a week or two I saw him daily, either at his owl house or mine, or more commonly at both, for Ellen was sinking so evidently and rapidly, that I visited her every afternoon. At length I ventured to speak to her about the state of her father's mind. She had suspected much which I told her, but did not know the whole, since, from a fear of giving pain, he had concealed it from her as far as possible. She raised her eyes to heaven, with a look of tearful gratitude, and ex-

claimed, "I thank my heavenly Father that he is answering my prayer before I go hence." After a brief interval of silence, she went on to say that she had never felt a doubt that God would ultimately answer her supplications on her father's behalf, but that her great grief, when she found her illness was more serious than she had apprehended, had been that she should not live to see it. "God moves in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform;" she exclaimed, adding, "My death will be the means of his life."

So it proved. A few days after this conversation I received a sudden summons to Captain Bligh's, as Miss Bligh had been taken much worse. I went on the instant. I was told that he was in his daughter's room, where he wished me to join him. On entering I saw him kneeling by her bed, clasping her hand in his. She was propped up by pillows, and spoke with extreme difficulty; but her countenance, which bore unmistakable indications of death, was perfectly radiant with joy. Her father had found that "peace which passeth all understanding." As though a veil had been lifted from the cross, he now saw clearly and plainly what had been invisible to him before, and with the simplicity of a little child, he had told her, in trembling accents, of the light which broke in upon his spirit. In her trustful faith she was quite prepared for this glad announcement; indeed she had been confidently expecting it. She told her father this, and said that now her time here would be very short, for God had only arrested the hand of death till this answer to prayer had been given. She spoke to him of their speedy reunion before the throne of God, and bid him take comfort, for their separation would be very brief. The exertion she had made in speaking, and the excitement which could not fail to result from the glad news her father had brought, were too much for her feeble frame. After a paroxysm of coughing, blood poured profusely from the lungs, and though the discharge had ceased for a time, her end was very near. From the expression of their faces, and from the few words they spoke, I gathered what had passed between them. She motioned to me to kneel and pray. I did so with an excitement of feeling which almost deprived me of utterance. On rising from my knees I saw that she had clasped her father's hand convulsively, and was gazing into his face with intensest love. I was leaving the room noiselessly, when an exclamation from the bed stopped me. I turned round and saw Ellen sitting erect, her disengaged hand raised toward heaven, gazing upward with a look of awe, wonder, and seraphic joy, such as I never

saw before. Her lips were parted, her eyes dilated to the uttermost, as though gazing on some vision of glory. "I come, I come!" she cried, then fell back and expired.

Her father shortly afterward joined us, and continued an active, useful, and most devoted Christian for some years. When mortal sickness came upon him, he replied to an expression of hope that he might recover, "No, I am going to Ellen." And so it proved; for after a few days' illness he passed away, "rejoicing in hope."

"THY WILL BE DONE."

"I SHALL never be happy again," quivered the pale lips; "earth and sky are alike dark to me, since they laid my only one in the dust."

"Does religion, then, afford you no consolation?" asked the white-haired pastor solemnly. "Does not the thought that you shall go to him, lift this veil from your spirit?"

"No, no; I know nothing, think of nothing, but that I have lost him—*lost* him. All is dead blank; my heart is like a stone. O, I would give worlds to lose this awful weight—worlds, worlds!"

"And if I should say that this terrible weight may be cast off; this cold heart be made warm again!"

"O tell me how, for I am in despair!" she cried.

"In one year, dear madam," said the white-haired man, "my only son, grown to manhood, was drowned; my wife laid in the grave; my daughter taken from me by death; and my own health so prostrated that I could no longer minister in holy things to my people."

"How sad!" cried the young widow, clasping her hands, while her eyes filled. "How did you, how *could* you bear it?"

"By looking up to my Father and saying, 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.' Is the prayer new to you?"

"O, no," murmured the disconsolate one, her pale face bowed upon her hands; "I say it every day, but *I never felt it*."

The Sabbath day came round, and the young widow, for the first time since her husband's death, went to the house of God. On her way she met with the white-haired man, and with a gentle but subdued smile, she said, "I can bear it now."

A light as from heaven beamed on his aged face. "Then you find His strength sufficient?"

"Yes," she answered. "It was a struggle, but as soon as I felt it was right the load fell off."

And the white-haired pastor, as he stood up to talk to the people, took for his text the words, "Thy will be done."

BE IN EARNEST.

BY REV. F. S. CASSADY.

EARNESTNESS becomes the man who professes to live for eternity. The Christian life is full of earnest realities, and well does it behoove the child of God to be all astir with intense excitement in reference to the proper fulfillment of life's great object and destiny. Vast and eternal interests hang upon the issue of man's earthly being, and not to be in earnest is to put every thing relating to eternity in fearful jeopardy. Warnings from every part of the universe of God seem to say to him, "BE IN EARNEST."

Nature is full of earnestness. The sun shines, rain falls, winds blow, lightnings flash, thunders roll, oceans heave, volcanoes burst, and tornadoes sweep in earnest. And to expect the Christian, with such high moral responsibilities and such an exalted destiny to meet as are involved in a religious life, not to be in earnest, is to look for a sun that never shone, rains that never fell, winds that never blew, lightnings that never flashed, thunders that never rolled, oceans that never surged, volcanoes that never erupted, and tornadoes that never swept. These evidences of an all-pervading activity throughout nature's vast frame-work are but so many types of the energy and earnestness which should impel onward the Christian man to his great work and destiny.

Earnestness is also a reigning element in the busy world in which we live. The farmer, mechanic, merchant, student, politician, philanthropist, and sage are all in earnest, deep and profound earnest. And to expect the Christian, who has incentives to activity drawn from Heaven's great and eternal rewards, not to be in earnest in his sacred calling, would be to expect to see a workman that never toiled, a scholar that never studied, and a miser that never loved gold. These great symbols of activity and energy in the busy world around us are only so many representatives of what the man of God ought to be in his earnest strivings for a home in heaven. They impressively call up those words of the Christian's great Exemplar and Guide: "I must work the works of Him that sent me, while it is day; the night cometh, when no man can work."

The providence of God is also in earnest. Minutes and hours, days and weeks, months and years, fraught with such infinite interest to every sentient existence, are earnestly gliding away. Spring, summer, autumn, and winter, in turn, sway their different scepters, accomplish their appointed work, and then pass away. Empires and kingdoms rise, flourish, and fall in quick succe-

sion. Kings and nobles, cardinals and prelates, sages and heroes, scholars and poets, appear upon the stage of being, play their several parts in life's great drama, and then fade from human view, and find their common level in the tomb. Thus is it ever with human life. All is change and decay. And to expect the Christian, who has his all at stake, not to be in earnest, would be to expect the chariot-wheels of time to stand still; spring and summer, autumn and winter, to discontinue their periodical visitations to the earth, empires and kingdoms to be fixed and unchanging, the master-spirits of earth never to retire from the stage of action, and our friends and loved ones to stay in our presence forever. The providence of God is emphatically in earnest in all its departments, and it becomes the Christian to act upon the suggestions of the divine providence in this respect in seeking to secure his final salvation in heaven.

Challenged, as it were, Christian reader, by nature, the active world in which we live, and by providence, to be in earnest, let us be up and doing. As life has its earnest realities and solemn responsibilities, let us, in the fear of God, resolve to meet and fulfill them. All of us have a great work to do—a work involving our own interest and those of our fellows for time and eternity; and short, indeed, is the time in which we are to accomplish it. Every fleeting moment is big with importance, and related to some duty we owe to ourselves or those around us. Therefore, to one and all, in regard to the great business of life, I would say, BE IN EARNEST.

TALKING OF ONE'S SELF.

A GENERAL fault in conversation, is that of those who affect to talk of themselves. Some, without any ceremony, will run over the history of their lives; will relate the annals of their diseases, with the several symptoms and circumstances of them; will enumerate the hardships and injustice they have suffered in business, in love, or in law. Others are more dexterous, and with great art will lie on the watch to hook in their own praise. Others make a vanity of telling their faults; they are the strangest men in the world; they can not dissemble; they own it is a folly; they have lost abundance of advantages by it; but if you would give them the world, they can not help it; there is something in their nature that abhors insincerity and constraint, with many other insufferable topics of the same altitude.

I LOVE THE SPRING-TIME.

BY MRS. RUMINA A. PARKER.

I LOVE the fresh, the verdant spring,
When nature all in grandeur sings
The love of God;
The spreading leaf, the opening flower,
The loosened fount, and gentle shower,
Proclaim him good.

I love to hear the wild birds sing,
As they soar and glance with lightsome wing
O'er the green earth,
As if in thoughtful joy their lays
Were turned to speak their Maker's praise,
For earth's new birth.

I love to sit 'neath the leafy trees,
And listen as the whispering breeze
Steals softly by,
And feel its warm breath fan my cheek
To a happy glow, as it sweetly speaks
Of summer nigh.

I love to wander the brook beside,
Where the dancing, babbling waters glide
So merrily on,
And watch the thousand insects gay,
Rejoicing where the sunbeams play
The waves upon.

I love to roam 'neath the wildwood shade,
And turn the leaves that long have laid
Moldering there,
And see the purple violet peep,
With laughing eye, from its wint'ry sleep,
A thing so fair.

I love to bury the tiny seed,
And watch it spring to a little blade
Of hopeful green;
Then put forth leaves and branching stems,
With buds and blossoms, like clustering gems,
Of rival sheen.

And I love to think that thus we may—
Poor travelers of a stormy day—
From death's cold sleep,
Awake to an eternal spring,
Where flowers their rainbow colors fling,
With odors sweet.

Like birds we 'll mount the heavenly air,
Rejoicing in new beauties there
Unceasingly;
Our eyes forever wandering o'er
Bright fields and streams on Canaan's shore,
Unweariedly.

OUR HOUSEHOLD ANGELS.

BY LINA LINWOOD.

THERE were voices, but they're silent,
Save in echoes of the past;
There were arms that once around us
In love's warm embrace were clasped;
There were eyes that beamed upon us
Softly as the stars of eve;
There were curls that even sunbeams
In their web might love to weave;

There were forms that left their footprints
In the yard and on the floor—
Forms that passed across the threshold,
And return again no more!
And our hearts are aching, aching,
For the footfalls on the floor,
And our eyes are vainly watching
For the forms that come no more.

But there is a land called heaven,
Where 't is ever bright and fair;
And although from earth we miss them,
Our home angels all are there.
And when round the family altar
We are bowing low in prayer,
Then we feel the sacred presence
Of our household angels there.

And their voices live in echoes,
Deep within our sacred heart;
And at every sound familiar,
They to fresher being start;
And we hear a gentle footfall,
In the night-time, hushed and still;
And we feel those warm embraces
That do all our being thrill—

And we thank God for the footfalls,
In the night-time, hushed and still;
For the voices and embraces
That do all our being thrill.

And we thank Him for the memories
That do fill our waking dreams,
That come gliding o'er our spirits
Just like sunshine over streams;
And we thank Him for the promise
That we know is not a dream—
We shall meet our household angels
Just beyond death's rolling stream!

BE KIND TO THE LITTLE ONES AT HOME.

BY ANNIE E. HOWE.

Be kind to the little children
Who cluster round your hearth,
And never by an angry word
Forbid their joyous mirth,
And never by a frowning look
Hush their wild laugh of glee;
And hide your griefs and cares from them,
However great they be.

O, shadow not their glad young brows
By tales of dark deceit,
And of the sorrow, pain, and woe
They in this world must meet;
But let their childhood's sunny hours
Be free from every care;
Too soon will come the time when they
Will have enough to bear.

Too soon will pass away their bloom,
Fair childhood's blissful hours;
Then let their joyous footsteps now
Tread lightly upon flowers,
And let their gay, glad laugh ring out
Without one thought of gloom;
Be gentle, O, be kind to them,
The little ones at home!

EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Cabinet.

HE TEACHETH MY HANDS TO WAR.—*"He teacheth my hands to war; so that a bow of steel is broken by mine arms."*—2 Samuel xxii, 35.

The bow is the first weapon mentioned in the holy Scriptures, and seems to have been quite familiar to the immediate descendants of Abraham. "Take," said Isaac, "thy quiver and thy bow, and go out to the field, and take me some venison." Here indeed the reference is to hunting; but we learn from the remark of Jacob to his favorite son, that the weapon which was found so useful in his art, was soon turned against our species; and it still continues to maintain its place in some countries, among the instruments of human destruction.

We learn from Homer, that the Grecian bow was at first made of horn, and tipped with gold. But the material of which it was fabricated, seems for the most part to have been wood, which the workman frequently adorned with gold and silver. One of these ornamented weapons procured for Apollo, a celebrated Cretan, the significant name of *Ἀργυροτόξος*, the bearer of the silver-studded bow. But the Asiatic warrior often used a bow of steel or brass, which, on account of its great stiffness, he bent with his foot. Those that were made of horn or wood probably required to be bent in the same way; for the Hebrew always speaks of treading his bow, when he makes ready for the battle; and to tread and bend the bow are in all the writings of the Old Testament convertible phrases. The bow of steel is distinctly mentioned by the Hebrew bard: "He teacheth my hand to war, so that a bow of steel is broken by mine arms." This was a proof of great strength, and of uncommon success in war, which he ascribes with equal piety and gratitude to the infinite power and goodness of Jehovah. To bend the bow, was frequently proposed as a trial of strength. After Ulysses had bent his bow, which all the suitors of Penelope had tried in vain, he boasted to his son Telemachus of the deed, because it was an undeniable proof that he had not lost his ancient vigor, in which he was accustomed to glory. Herodotus relates, that when Cambyzes sent his spies into the territories of Ethiopia, the king of that country, well understanding the design of their visit, thus addressed them: When the Persians can easily draw bows of this largeness, then let them invade the Ethiopians. He then unstrung the bow, and gave it to them to carry to their master. The Persians themselves, according to Xenophon, carried bows three cubits in length. If these were made of steel or brass, which are both mentioned in the sacred volume, and of a thickness proportioned to their length, they must have been very dangerous weapons even in close fight; and as such they are represented by the prophet Isaiah: "Their bows also shall dash the young men in pieces; and they shall have no pity on the fruit of the

womb; their eyes shall not spare children." In time of peace, or when they were not engaged with the enemy, the oriental warriors carried their bow in a case, sometimes of cloth, but more commonly of leather, hung to their girdles. When it was taken from the case, it was said, in the language of Habakkuk, to be "made quite naked."—PAXTON.

THE EARLY TRAINING OF CHILDREN.—*"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."*—Prov. xxii, 6.

This saying is founded upon an intimate acquaintance with the workings of the human heart. First impressions, no matter of what kind, are proverbially the strongest. It is morally impossible that the influence of these impressions should ever cease to be felt. The first culture which the child receives almost certainly determines his destiny forever. The seeds implanted in that virgin soil, if once allowed to take vigorous root, can scarcely ever be wholly eradicated. Whatsoever a man soweth there, that shall he almost unfailingly reap. With unceasing pains a harvest of a different kind may sometimes be raised; but the husbandman has always reason to expect that the seeds first sown in that fruitful ground will germinate afresh, and, at least, grow up side by side with those later planted, if they do not even entirely choke them out. It is possible that a child that has had religious training in early life, may, in after years, under the influence of bad example, be perverted and lost. We have the concurrent teaching of a heathen poet and of an inspired apostle, that "evil communications corrupt good manners." And, in like manner, one whose early training was improper, and whose mature life corrupt, may, by the grace of God, amend his life, and be converted from the error of his ways. But the examples of either are rare; and the changed individual, in either case, will, for a long time after his change, feel that he is not entirely freed from the influence of earlier habits. A sudden change in established moral habits, of such a character that the individual would be in all respects just where he would have been if those habits had never been formed, would be a phenomenon so strange as to well justify a philosopher in traveling around the world for the opportunity of witnessing an instance of it. It is from this very difficulty of change in early-formed habits that so unspeakable importance attaches to the character of the influences which may be brought to bear upon the yet plastic mind of children. The susceptibility of children to moral impressions, and the subsequent ineffaceableness of these impressions, is a gratifying encouragement to parents in their endeavors to mold their children to useful and holy lives. They have the assurance of God's promise, confirmed by the experience of

good men of all ages, that their efforts for the salvation of their children shall not be in vain; that if they do, with wisdom and faithfulness, "train up their children in the way they should go, when they are old they will not depart from it." At the same time parents who are indifferent about exerting none but good influences over their children, or do not protect them against improper influences from without, should recollect that the converse of the solemn truth of this passage of Scripture is equally true: "Train up a child in the way he should not go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

This unhappy proclivity to return to the evil habits of childhood is exemplified by the following account given by Dr. Pritchard: "A Hottentot boy was bred up by the Governor Vander Stel, in the habits and religion of the Dutch, and having learned several languages and discovering a very promising genius, was sent to India and employed in public business. After his return to the Cape, he stripped off his European dress, clothed himself in a sheep-skin, and, presenting himself to the Governor, emphatically renounced the society of civilized men and the Christian religion, declaring that he would live and die in the manners and customs of his forefathers. In this we trace one characteristic trait of human nature, as it exists in other races of men. A sort of instinctive and blind attachment to the earliest impressions made upon the mind is one of our strongest intellectual propensities."

THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST THE TRUE CIVILIZER.—"The entrance of thy words giveth light."—*Psalm cxix*, 130.

In Mr. Pritchard's *Researches into the Physical History of Mankind*, vol. i, p. 183, we find a beautiful confirmation of the above important truth. He says: "So rapid has been the spread of civilization around the settlements of the United Brethren, by whom the task of introducing the Christian religion among the Hottentots was undertaken, as to have given rise to a general notion that the missionaries of that Church direct their endeavors in the first place to the diffusion of industry and social arts, and make religion a secondary object of attention. This, however, they uniformly deny. It is the unvarying statement of these missionaries, deduced from the experience of a hundred years of patient service and laborious exertions among the rudest and most abject tribes of human beings, that the moral nature of man must be in the first instance quickened, the conscience awakened, and the better feelings of the heart aroused by the motives which Christianity brings with it, before any improvement can be hoped for in the outward behavior and social state; that the rudest savages have sufficient understanding to be susceptible of such a change; and that when it has once taken place, all the blessings of civilization follow as a necessary result."

THE ATHLETE.—"He runneth upon him, even on his neck, upon the thick bosses of his bucklers."—*Job xv*, 26.

Wrestlers, before they began their combats, were rubbed all over in a rough manner, and afterward anointed with oil, in order to increase the strength and flexibility of their limbs. But as this unction, in making the skin too slippery, rendered it difficult for them to take hold of each other, they remedied that inconvenience, sometimes by rolling themselves in the dust of the Palaestra, sometimes by throwing fine sand upon each other, kept for that purpose in *Xystæ*, or porticoes of the *Gymnasia*. Thus prepared, they began their combat. They were

matched two against two, and sometimes several couples contended at the same time. In this combat the whole aim and design of the wrestlers was to throw their adversary upon the ground. Both strength and art were employed to this purpose; they seized each other by the arms, drew forward, pushed backward, used many distortions and twistings of the body; locking their limbs in each other's, seizing by the neck or throat, pressing in their arms, struggling, playing on all sides, lifting from the ground, dashing their heads together like rams, and twisting one another's necks. In this manner, the athletes wrestled standing, the combat ending with the fall of one of the competitors. To this combat the words of Eliphaz seem to apply: "For he stretcheth out his hand against God" like a wrestler, challenging his antagonist to the contest, "and strengthening himself," rather vaunteth himself, stands up haughtily, and boasts of his prowess in the full view of "the Almighty," throwing abroad his arms, clapping his hands together, springing into the middle of the ring, and taking his station there in the adjusted attitude of defiance. "He runneth upon him, even on his neck," or with his neck stretched out, furiously dashing his head against the other; and this he does, even when he perceives that his adversary is covered with defensive armor, upon which he can make no impression: "he runneth upon the thick bosses of his bucklers."

ACCESSORY TO THE SIN OF OTHERS BY CONCEALING IT.—"If a soul sin, and hear the voice of swearing, and is a witness, whether he hath seen or known of it; if he do not utter it, then he shall bear his iniquity."—*Lev. v*, 1.

As the sin referred to in this verse appears to consist in a concealment of the truth, especially when called on oath to declare it, the following anecdote may, in part at least, illustrate the passage: Captain—afterward Admiral—Cornwallis, in order to prevent profaneness among the ship's crew, had a book to every mess to insert each offender's name, and appointed forfeits according to the offense. To these rules the Captain made himself liable; and, looking over the books one morning when at sea, he found his own name inserted, upon which he sent for the informer, and inquired what he had said, and who was near when he used improper language. Being told that the chaplain was at his elbow, he called for the reverend gentleman, and asked him if he recollected hearing him say, on the preceding day, "By God." He confessed this, but did not think it came within the meaning of the rules. The Captain observed, "It was certainly an irreverent use of the sacred name, and you should have reprimanded me; you, therefore, shall be punished for neglect, and the informer, for his faithfulness, shall be rewarded with a guinea."

THE TONGUE A FIRE.—"And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity: so is the tongue among our members, that it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature; and it is set on fire of hell."—*James iii*, 6.

The original is very beautiful, and is an allusion to a wheel catching fire, as not unfrequently happens, by its rapid motion, spreading its flames around, and at last involving the whole machine in destruction. The true version is, It setteth on fire the wheel of human life, and thus finally destroyeth the whole body. The original word for course, *Τεμαχος*, as every Greek scholar is aware, signifies a wheel.

Notes and Queries.

WHICH THE WORLD WILL NOT WILLINGLY LET DIE.—A recent writer says: I trace the origin of this phrase to Milton; let those who can go further do so. In "The Reason of Church Government urged against Prelacy," after stating the success of his early education in England—"it was found that whether ought was impos'd me by them that had the overlooking, or betak'n to of mine own choice in English, or other tongue, prosing or versing, but chiefly this latter, the stile by certain vital signes it had was likely to live"—and that he had afterward resorted to the private academies of Italy, where he had received "written Encomiums which the Italian is not forward to bestow on men of this side the Alps"—he adds:

"I began thus farre to assent both to them and divers of my friends here at home, and not less to an inward prompting which now grew daily upon me, that by labor and intent study—which I take to be my portion in this life—joynd with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to after times, as they should not willingly let it die."

For thus speaking of himself Milton, in graceful terms, craves "to have courteous pardon:"

"For although a Poet soaring in the high regions of his fancies, with his garland and singing robes about him, might without apology speak more of himself than I mean to do, yet for me sitting here below in the cool element of prose, a mortal thing among many readers of no Emphyreal conceit, to venture and divulge unusual things of myselfe, I shall petition to the gentler sort, it may not be envy to me."

JOHN MILTON'S FAME GONE OUT.—So says William Winstanley in his "Lives of the Poets from the Conquest to James II." The whole passage is a literary curiosity. It will at least serve to illustrate how different an estimate the world has placed upon the immortal poet, from that of the fawning sycophants of royalty. It is as follows:

"John Milton was one whose natural parts might deservedly give him a place among the principal of our English Poets, having written two heroic poems and a Tragedy, namely, *Paradise Lost*, *Paradise Regained*, and *Samson Agonista*. But his fame is gone out like a candle in a snuff, and his memory will always stink, which might have ever lived in honorable repute, had not he been a notorious Traytor, and most impiously and villainously bely'd that blessed martyr King Charles the First."

WORDS IN THE EYES.—Our readers have all heard of the wonderful phenomenon of "words in the eyes"—that is, words said to be distinctly visible in the iris of each eye. A writer in an English journal says that some years ago a little girl four or five years old was exhibited in London, having the words "Empereur Napoleon" and "Napoleon Empereur," distinctly visible in each eye; and also that a physiological reason was given at the time in explanation of this curious fact.

Another writer gives an additional case, taken from the Diary of Evelyn for April, 1701. He says:

"A Dutch boy, of about eight or nine years old, was
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carried about by his parents to show, who had about the iris of one eye the letters of *Deus meus*, and of the other *Elohim*, in the Hebrew character."

The same writer adds, in looking back to an old letter of my own, dated October, 1828, I find the following paragraph:

"The Napoleon-eyed child is returned to the Oxford-Street Bazar. I have seen her, and can unhesitatingly affirm that the whole story is a *humbug*. With a highly-powerful magnifying-glass I examined both her eyes, for at least a quarter of an hour, in every possible light. I had pictures and models of her eyes shown me, that I might know where to find the respective letters. Not one could I see! At last, tired of investigation, I tried to *fancy* the inscriptions; but it would not do; there were not materials to fancy even a syllable. Others, I should suppose, must have been deceived by their imagination; for there can hardly be any room for doubt in a matter of this kind, where a person of quick eyesight can not discover a letter after a long examination. The child has a full blue eye, with those light strokes so often seen in blue eyes, very strongly marked: and this is the natural circumstance which has won from English credulity the fortune of the child and its parents."

Such was my evidence, taken down at the time; but whether I was too incredulous, or others too credulous, I must not pronounce.

The above casts a shadow of doubt over the phenomenon. Has the like ever been witnessed in this country?

A CAPITAL HIT.—The Duchess of Marlborough having offered £500 for the best poem to the memory of the Duke, the following lines, it is said, gained the prize:

"Five hundred pounds too small a boon
To set the Poet's muse in tune,
That nothing might escape her.
Were I to attempt the heroic story
Of the illustrious Churchill's glory,
It scarce would buy the paper."

EAGLES MADE TO PROVIDE FOOD FOR MEN.—The following story, which appears to be well authenticated, seems to confirm the traditions about eagles being made to provide families with fresh meat. It is related in the life of Thuanus, the historian, that when he was passing through part of France, on an embassy from Henry III to the King of Navarre, he was entertained for some days at the seat of a certain bishop on his journey. At the first repast it was observed, with some surprise, that all the wild fowl or game brought to table wanted either a head or wing, a leg, or some other part; which occasioned their host pleasantly to apologise for the voracity of his caterer, who always took the liberty of first tasting what he had procured before it was brought to table. On perceiving the increased surprise of his guests, he informed them that in the mountainous regions of that district, the eagles were accustomed to build among the almost inaccessible rocks, which can only be ascended by ladders and grappling irons. The peasants, however, when they have discovered a nest, erect a small hut at the foot of the rock, in which to shelter themselves from the fury of the birds when they convey provisions to their young;

as also to watch the times of their departure from the nest. When this happens, they immediately plant their ladders, climb the rocks, and carry off what the eagles have conveyed to their young, substituting the entrails of animals and other offal. The prey has generally been mutilated before they can get at it; but in compensation for this disadvantage, it has a much finer flavor than any thing the markets can afford. He added that, when the young eagles have acquired strength enough to fly, the shepherds fasten them to the nest, that the parent bird may continue to supply them the longer with food. Three or four eagles' nests were in this way sufficient to furnish a splendid table throughout the summer; and so far from murmuring at the ravages of these birds, he thought himself very happy in being situated in their neighborhood.

EPITAPH IN THORPE CHURCH.—Under the curious brass of William Denham and family occur, in black letter, the following lines:

"Man's Lyfe on Earth is, as Job saythe,
A Warfare and a Toyle,
Where nought is won when all is don,
But an uncerteine Spoile.
Of things most valne for his long paine,
Nothing to him is left;
Yet Vertue sure doth still endure,
And can not bee bereft.
Behold and see a Proefe by me,
That did enjoye my Breathe
Sixtie fouer Yeare, as may appeare,
And then gave place to Death.
Of Company of Goldsmithes free,
William Denham calde by Name,
I was like you, and Earth am nowe,
As you shal be the same."

LITTLE JACK HORNER.—The world-renowned nursery rhyme of

"Little Jack Horner
Sat in the corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb,
And pulled out a plum,
And said, 'What a good boy am I;'"

has connected with it a curious tradition as to its origin. It is as follows: When the monasteries and their property were seized, orders were given that the title deeds of the abbey estates at Mells, which were very extensive and valuable, and partly consisted of a sumptuous grange, built by Abbot John Selwood, should be given up to the commissioners. After some delay, it was determined by the Abbot of Glastonbury to give them up; and for want of a safe mode of conveying them it was decided that the most likely way to avoid their being seized by any but those for whom they were intended, was to send them in a pasty, which should be forwarded as a present to one of the commissioners in London. The safest messenger, and least likely to excite suspicion, was considered to be a lad named *Jack Horner*, who was a son of poor parents living in the neighborhood of the Grange. The lad set out on his journey on foot, laden with the pasty. It was a weary road, and England not being so thickly inhabited as now, he sat to rest in as snug a corner as he could find by the wayside. Hunger, too, overcame him, and he was at a loss what to do, when he bethought himself that there would be no harm in tasting ever so little of the pasty which he was carrying. He, therefore, inserted his thumb under the crust, when, lo! there was nothing but

parchments. He could not read or understand these parchments, yet he thought they might be valuable. He, therefore, took one of the parchments and pocketed it, and pursued his journey with the rest of his pasty. Upon his delivering his parcel, it was perceived that one of the chief deeds—the deeds of the Mells Abbey estates—was missing; and as it was thought that the abbot had withheld it, an order was straightway sent for his execution.

But the sequel was, that after the monasteries were despoiled, there was found in the possession of the family of Jack Horner a piece of parchment, which was in fact the title deed of Mells Abbey and lands; and that was "the plum" which little Jack Horner unwittingly had become possessed of. The Abbot Whiting was executed for withholding the deeds.

ALBUMS.—The fashion of keeping albums appears to have originated in Germany toward the close of the sixteenth century. The archaeologist Wauley says "they are much used by the young travelers of that nation, who commonly ask a new acquaintance, even at the first meeting, to write some sentence therein, with a compliment to the owner's learning, good sense, and so forth. Which done, the names gotten are laid before the next new face; and the young man, upon all occasions, especially at his return, by these hands demonstrates what good company he has kept."

MINOR QUERIES.—1. When and by whom was that beautiful child's prayer written, which "has been lisped by untold millions" in childhood, and even by such men as John Quincy Adams and Bishop Hedding in old age, commencing,

"Now I lay me down to sleep?"

B. D. A.

2. Why is the name of the celebrated novelist sometimes printed E. Lytton Bulwer, and sometimes E. Bulwer Lytton?

B. D. A.

3. Why is the court of the British sovereign called the court of St. James?

B. D. A.

4. Some advocate of the phonographic reform in orthography has said that not more than sixty words in the language are spelled precisely as they are pronounced. I have written down the following of this class; what others are there? A, I, O, be, he, me, ye, we, pi, go, lo, no, so, wo, bind, find, grind, hind, kind, mind, pint, rind, wind, mild, wild, old, bold, bolt, dolt, fold, ford, fort, gold, hold, host, jolt, mold, most, port, post, sold, sport, sworn, torn, told, toll, worn, ago, sago, hold, bravo, patrol, behold, resold, refold, report, hero, zero, veto, negro, zebra, remind, resworn, hindmost, dodo, bubo, panado, virago, potato, tomato.

B. D. A.

5. What is the origin of the vulgarisms, "to kick the bucket," and "to go the whole hog?"—the former meaning to die; the latter, to be free of money in convivial scenes.

RUSTICUS.

6. I often find the sentence, "Methodism is Christianity in earnest," quoted as the sentiment of Dr. Chalmers, of Scotland. It is so quoted in the article on "British Methodism and Slavery," in the January number of the Methodist Quarterly Review of the present year. Will some one please to tell me when and where the "eminent Scotch divine" used the expression, and whether it can be found in any of his published writings?

HANCORN.

Items, Literary, Scientific, and Religious.

DRS. MCCLINTOCK AND STRONG, as our readers already know, have been engaged for some years upon a new Cyclopaedia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature. We are glad to see it announced as being nearly ready for the press. It will be an important addition to our Christian literature, and promises to be more comprehensive and complete than any similar work extant. We shall take pleasure in giving our readers a fuller idea of its character and scope when it appears.

THE BALTIMORE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.—This is the title of a new paper to be issued under the auspices of the Baltimore conference. We regret the necessity for its establishment. Whether it will be useful or injurious to the Church at large; whether it will be productive of good or of evil to the conferences most immediately concerned, will depend upon the manner in which it is conducted. If, in addition to making a good family paper, well stored with religious and general intelligence, it shall confine itself, so far as slavery is concerned, to the questions now raging along the "border"—standing broad and firm upon the old Methodist antislavery platform—we predict for it success and usefulness. But if it is to open a controversy with our journals generally on the slavery or any other question, it will be simply sowing to the wind to reap the whirlwind. The consequences will be disastrous to the Church. Under existing circumstances in our country, nothing could be more insane than to demand that men should cease to discuss, to agitate this great question. There is not an intelligent man in all the broad area of the free states who is not made to feel that this is one of the great moral and political questions of the day. Discussion, agitation *can not* be stopped. Many erroneous views may be rectified, misrepresentations corrected, juster sentiments and better feelings be diffused; but to attempt to exact silence—we speak it in all candor and friendliness—is to injure the cause of those making the requisition. We have sufficiently indicated the source of apprehension in connection with this new paper. But we trust it will steer clear of this maelstrom of dangers, and, keeping clear of it, that it will have a long and prosperous career. Dr. T. E. Bond is to be the editor, and this gives assurance that it will be edited with spirit and ability.

DEATH OF REV. DR. COOK.—Rev. C. Cook, D. D., first President of the French Wesleyan conference, died on the 21st of February, in Lausanne, Switzerland. He had been forty-one years in the ministry. His loss to the French conference, of which he was the patriarch as well as the President, will cause sore grief. His death will be mourned in this country also by many who had some knowledge of his valuable services to the cause of Christ in France.

SIGNIFICATION OF LADIES' NAMES.—Mary, Maria, Marie—French—signify exalted. According to some, Mary means lady of the sea. Martha, interpreted, is bitterness; Isabel signifies lovely; Julia and Juliet, soft-haired; Gertrude, all truth; Eleanor, all fruitful; Ellen—originally the Greek Helen—signifies alluring, though, according to the Greek authors, it means one who pities. The

interpretation of Caroline is regal; that of Charlotte, is a queen; Elizabeth and Eliza signify true; Clara, bright or clear-eyed; Agnes, chaste; Amanda, amiable; Laura, laurel; Edith, joyous; Olivia, peace; Phoebe, light of life; Grace, favor; Sarah, or Sally, a princess; Sophia, wisdom; Amelia, Amy, beloved; Matilda, a noble maid; Pauline, little one; Margaret, a pearl; Rebecca, plump; Hannah, Anne, Ann, and Nancy, all of which are of the same original name, interpreted, mean grace or kind. Jane signifies dignity; Ida, the morning star; Lucy, brightness of aspect; Louisa, or Louise, one who protects; Emma, tender; Catherine, pure; Frances, or Fanny, frank or free; Lydia, severe; Minerva, chaste.

ORIGIN OF METEORIC BODIES.—The most generally-adopted theory of the origin of meteoric bodies, at the present time, is, that they are small planetary bodies revolving around the sun—one portion of their orbit approaching or crossing that of the earth; and from the various disturbing causes to which these small bodies must necessarily be subjected, their orbits are supposed to be constantly undergoing more or less variation, till intersected by our atmosphere, when they meet with resistance and fall to the earth's surface in whole or in part; this may not occur in their first encounter of the atmosphere, but repeated obstructions in this medium at different times must, it is argued, ultimately bring about the result. In this theory, their origin is supposed to be the same as that of other planetary bodies, and they are regarded as always having had an individual comical existence. This assumption, however, is not supported by the various characteristics of heavenly bodies. The form alone of these bodies is any thing but what ought to be expected from a gradual condensation and consolidation—all their chemical and mineralogical characters being opposed to this supposition.

HYPOTHESES RESPECTING THE SOLAR SPOTS.—Numerous hypotheses have been formed respecting the cause and substance of the spots visible upon the sun's disk. By some, they have been supposed to be planets revolving at no great distance from the sun's surface; others regard them as a sort of scoræ or scum formed at the sun's surface, and floating in an ocean of liquid matter; they have also been supposed to be protuberant parts of solid, opaque, and irregular masses, floating in the fluid matter of the sun, while others account for them by supposing the sun to consist of a dark nucleus, covered to a certain depth by luminous matter, through which cavities or gulfs are made by volcanic or other actions, and permit the dark nucleus to be seen. But one of the most rational and scientific explanations which can be given of this remarkable appearance is, that the luminous strata of the atmosphere is sustained far above the level of the solid body by a transparent elastic medium, carrying on its upper surface—or rather at some considerably lower level within its depth—a clondy stratum, which, being strongly illuminated from above, reflects a considerable portion of the light to our eyes, and forms a penumbra, while the solid body, shaded by the clouds, reflects none. The temporary removal of both the strata,

but more of the upper than the lower, may be effected by powerful upward currents of the atmosphere.

THE ATMOSPHERE IN DWELLING-HOUSES.—We notice a paper by Dr. H. E. Roscoe, Professor at Owen's College, Manchester, which, though it contains little that was not already known, is nevertheless valuable as recording facts and defining principles. The paper is entitled, "Some Chemical Facts respecting the Atmosphere of Dwelling-Houses;" and first, we are told that the quantity of carbonic acid given off by an adult man is rather more than nineteen litres an hour, and that it is not so much the diminution of the oxygen in a room that deteriorates the air, as the charging it with foul and waste matters. The normal amount of carbonic acid in the open air is four parts in 10,000, and the air indoors should as much as possible be kept in the same condition. Carbonic oxyd—one of the products of combustion—is immediately fatal when present in an atmosphere to the amount of one per cent. only. Dr. Roscoe agrees with Dr. Arnott that at least twenty cubic feet of fresh air are required for each person every minute, to remove all the noxious and disagreeable effluvia, especially in crowded habitations, schools, and the like. But he finds that certain natural causes operate to weaken the hurtful consequences of bad ventilation—namely, diffusion through the walls. It appears from experiment, that carbonic acid actually escapes in that way through brick and mortar and maintains the atmosphere in something like its proper condition. Hence the unhealthiness of new damp houses, and of iron houses, through the walls of which no diffusion can take place. Emigrants and travelers, who trust in iron houses, would do well to hold this fact in remembrance.

FACTS FOR GROWERS OF WHEAT.—M. Menigault has made a series of experiments, extending over several years, on wheat—on the causes which alter and deteriorate it, and the means of its preservation—which admits of practical application. He has examined the grain under every possible condition of heat, moisture, dryness, and cold, aggregation and diffusion. Among his conclusions, we find that the hygrometric condition of wheat varies eight and a half per cent. in an ordinary atmosphere; that, however carefully heaped, there is always one-third of empty space in the heap; that soaking in water for eight days facilitates the growth of wheat; that imprisonment in ice for six months will not destroy its vitality; that when perfectly dried, it will keep for an indefinite time; that in a temperature of one hundred and three degrees it is completely spoiled in a month; and that heat and damp combined are the sole causes of corruption in wheat.

CULTIVATION OF THE PEACH.—Fresenius, a German chemist, has made experiments on various kinds of fruits, demonstrating which are best, and why. The more a fruit contains of soluble matter, the more is it esteemed—such as the peach. And the more a fruit is cultivated, the more does it contain of sugar, and the less of free acid and insoluble matter. These facts may serve for household hints.

THE PITCAIRN ISLANDERS.—We notice in a foreign periodical that Sir W. Denison, governor of Tasmania, has paid the removed Pitcairn Islanders a visit in their new home on Norfolk Island, and established a form of government for them. It is essentially democratic. On the day after Christmas day in every year, they are to

meet to elect their chief magistrate, who must not be under the age of twenty-eight. Every man of twenty-one is entitled to vote. The chaplain is intrusted with considerable powers; he is the returning officer, and has the entire charge of education. Among the regulations for preserving the moral and physical welfare of the singularly-interesting community, one is, that no beer or spirits shall be used on the island except as medicine. What will become of their old home, the lonely islet, left now to the care of nature, or to be a resort of whalers?

TELEGRAPHING STORMS.—The Canadian Institute are trying to organize a plan proposed by Professor Kingston, of Toronto, for telegraphing the approach of storms. Twenty stations are fixed on, ranging from Halifax to Goderich in Upper Canada; and it is thought the plan may be worked at a cost of two hundred dollars a year. One of the data on which it is based is, "that gales prevail in some localities many hours, sometimes two or three days, before they reach other places only a few hundred miles distant." Hence half-hourly signals may be flashed along the coast of the sea and of the great lakes, and mariners may prepare for the blast or get out of the way; and landmen may be warned of the hurricanes that rush at times with fearful destruction across the fields and forests. Toronto is to be the central station; and there tabulated records will be kept of all the phenomena.

LIFE OF BISHOP ASBURY.—We see it announced that the Rev. S. W. Coggeshall has a Life of Bishop Asbury nearly ready for the press. It is a shame to us that we have been so long without any complete biography of the great apostle of Methodism in this country. The forthcoming work will be welcomed by the Church.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS IN MAINE.—In the state of Maine an aggregate of \$663,000 was last year expended for the support of "the people's colleges." The number of school districts is 4,102; and of scholars, 240,704. This augurs well for the future of that state.

MAINE WESLEYAN SEMINARY AND FEMALE COLLEGE.—The Maine Wesleyan Seminary is one of our oldest and best seminaries. It has contributed much to the Church. In conjunction with it the charter for a Female College was obtained from the state Legislature a few years since. This will greatly enlarge the scope and efficiency of its operations. A noble edifice for its accommodation is in process of erection. It is to be of brick, faced with stone, and will cost \$25,000. We wish our brethren success in their noble enterprise. The alumni of the old Maine Wesleyan Seminary are scattered all over the land—many of them prosperous in business and increasing in wealth. Why will not such now lend a helping hand to their old alma mater? A nobler benefaction, or one more timely and useful, could hardly be rendered.

BISHOP FOR AFRICA.—The Liberia annual conference, at its late session, elected the Rev. Francis Burns bishop, subject to the provisions made by the last General conference. Mr. Burns has long been one of our prominent missionaries in Africa, and has been for several years superintendent of the mission. The redemption of Africa is to be effected by the instrumentality of the colored race; and we are glad that our work in Liberia can be safely committed to the superintendence of a colored man as bishop.

Literary Notices.

NEW BOOKS.

LOST CHAPTERS RECOVERED FROM THE EARLY HISTORY OF AMERICAN METHODISM. By Rev. J. B. Wakeley. New York: Carlton & Porter. 12mo. 595 pp., with 22 Illustrations. \$1.50.—We heartily thank the author for this interesting relic of our denominational history. It not only fills up a hiatus in the history of Methodism, but it will serve to correct some rather important errors which had intruded themselves into it and come to be recognized as facts.

We begin with the dedication of the work. It is strikingly to the point: "To the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to the descendants of the early Methodists, to the lovers of primitive Methodism, to those who are promoting 'Christianity in earnest,' and to all who delight to follow the advice of the Psalmist—'Walk about Zion, and go round about her: tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces; that ye may tell it to the generations following'—is this volume most respectfully and affectionately inscribed."

The foundation on which this superstructure is reared is an old manuscript book, containing an authentic record of Methodism in the old John-Street Church. For a long time this book had been lost sight of, till recovered by Mr. Wakeley. "Does the reader inquire where this 'old book' has been? I answer, I can not tell, only it has been lost for over half a century, and very recently discovered. The oldest ministers now in New York and the oldest trustees had never seen the book. It is ninety years old. It contains chapters of our early history that were entirely new to the present generation. It extends from 1768 to 1797."

How or where the author discovered this old record he does not tell us. But the gleanings he has made from it abundantly demonstrate its authenticity. He says very truly: "This work is something more than a mere local history. It describes the early and great men of Methodism, in whom the great Methodist family have a common interest. To make the chapters as complete as possible, I have not only followed the 'old book,' but availed myself of other material that enriches the volume."

The author vindicates completely Philip Embury from the sin of card-playing, which has been laid to his charge. So long had this tradition been handed down uncontradicted, and such was the countenance given to it, even by our historians, that it had come to be regarded as an accredited fact. Our enemies have time and again availed themselves of this slander to charge that American Methodism "originated at the card-table." Mr. Wakeley utterly demolishes this slander, and shows that, though several backslidden Methodists from the old country were guilty of this sin, Mr. Embury's greatest error was in "not doing." Being a diffident man he shrunk from his duty, surrounded, as he was, only by scoffers and wickedness.

The following incident is given in connection with the building of "Old John-Street Church:" "While the members of the Church were deliberating as to the best course to pursue, and others were hesitating; some timid,

fearing if they began to build they would never be able to finish, and some were doubting, Mrs. Barbara Hick, the mother in Israel, the elect lady who awoke the slumbering energies of Philip Embury, turned the scale, settled the question in favor of building a church edifice. Mrs. Hick said 'she had made the enterprise a matter of prayer, and looked to the Lord for direction, and had received with inexpressible sweetness and power this answer: "I the Lord will do it." That was not all; she said 'a plan for building was presented to her mind.' This plan she revealed to the society; they approved of it, and adopted it. The first house of worship for the Methodists in New York was built after a divine plan, for the great Builder of the Church was the architect. He certainly planned a plain, neat, commodious temple."

A curiosity, in its way, is the old "subscription-list" for the erection of this church. It is a wonderful providence that has preserved it intact, and brought it to light at this late day. The biographical sketches of these subscribers, and of the early trustees and stewards of the Church, form several interesting chapters. The business-like manner in which the trustees transacted their affairs at this period furnishes an example worthy of all imitation.

Some time since the Rev. William Hamilton published an article in the Methodist Quarterly Review, which came very near robbing "Old John-Street" of its honor as being the cradle of Methodism in America. The facts he had gleaned concerning the early history of Methodism in Maryland, showed pretty conclusively that a society was organized in Frederick county in that state, by Mr. Strawbridge, as early as 1764, and soon after a place of worship called the "Log Meeting-House," was erected. Mr. Hamilton thus comes to the conclusion that "Mr. Strawbridge preached the first sermon, formed the first society, and built the first preaching-house for the Methodists in Maryland and in America, being three years, perhaps, earlier than Wesley Chapel, John-street, New York." So far as relates to the question, which was the first church? Mr. Wakeley, we think, successfully vindicates the claim of "Old John-Street." The testimony of Bishop Asbury is direct and positive. He says: "The first Methodist church in New York was built in 1768 or 1769." Mr. Lee is positive, not only as to the first church, but also as to the first society. He says: "The first Methodist meeting-house that was built in the United States was in New York. The house was built in 1768." Again: "In the beginning of the year 1766 the first permanent Methodist society was formed in the city of New York." Of the society in Maryland Mr. Lee says: "Not long after the society was formed in New York, Robert Strawbridge, from Ireland, who had settled in Frederick county, Maryland, began to hold meetings in public, etc." Concurrent with the above is the general testimony of those prominent in the early history of Methodism, and also of Mr. Wesley at the time.

The sketches of the early preachers stationed in "Old John-Street," form several chapters of rare interest in this work. Some of them, indeed, were rare men—well known in the history of the Church.

Among the queer excerpts from the accounts in the "old book" is the following:

"1790, March 1. Cash paid for a ticket in the lottery.....£2"

A singular commentary upon the times! We are glad the author is able to say: "This is the first and last mention of lottery tickets in the 'old book.'" Probably the attempt "to take the devil's water to turn the Lord's mill" was less successful than the good mistaken brethren expected.

Here is another item from the "old book" of a still earlier date, and even still more significant:

"1783, June 10. Paid Mr. Aymar for his negro Peter.....£40"

Since 1778 Peter had been known to the brethren—being a member and, for part of the time, sexton of the church. Though the purchase seems to have been absolute, the trustees evidently did not regard him as property; for, after repeated credits to Peter Williams "toward his debt," the final credit is made November 4, 1785, "in full of all demands." The emancipation paper of Peter, however, appears not to have been executed till Oct., 1796.

We have devoted more space to this work than we can well spare, and yet we must leave several points untouched. In its production the author has done a good work. It is a most valuable contribution to the already rich and rapidly-accumulating materials for the History of American Methodism. Our readers need have no fears about ordering this book. They will find it rich as well as rare.

It is gotten up in very superior style, even for Carlton & Porter.

ORIENTAL AND WESTERN SIBERIA: A Narrative of Seven Years' Explorations and Adventures in Siberia, Mongolia, the Kirghis Steppes, Chinese Tartary, and part of Central Asia. By Thomas William Atkinson. With a Map and numerous Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. 534 pp.—An article in the preceding pages is based upon this work, and gives the reader no faint idea of its scope and general character. After examining the work we can fully indorse the view given below. It brings to view a portion of our globe hitherto but little or imperfectly known. In modern times it has been shut up, for the most part, from the great outside world. Yet it is rich in every thing that can interest a traveler, or give interest to those who, compelled to stay at home, love the information and entertainment to be found in a well-written book of travels. Such readers will find a constant succession of pleasures in this volume. The author traveled as an artist, and his portfolio, freely used in his pages, adds new attractions to his adventurous journey. His explorations, as the title-page shows, extended over a large tract of Central Asia, among and east of the Ural Mountains. It is full of adventure, beyond the ordinary incidents of travel, and brings the reader to a very good acquaintance with the countries engaging his attentions, their agricultural and mineral resources, mechanical and other industrial employments, and the character and customs of the singular people. In every view, and especially as showing the great energies and enormous resources of the Russian empire, it is well worthy of the place we feel confident it will fill in popular estimation.

EUROPEAN ACQUAINTANCE: Being Sketches of People in Europe. By J. W. De Forrest, Author of *Oriental Acquaintance*. Harper & Brothers. 12mo. 276 pp.—

This is a very entertaining volume. With it the reader can beguile a weary hour very profitably. There is a dash of recklessness in the style of the author as well as in his course; but, as he travels with eyes open and ears awake, this rather adds to the interest of the work. The scenes are so constantly shifting and new incidents so constantly turning up, and these, together with the various characters encountered, are depicted in such an off-hand, graphic style, that the reader can not tire till he reaches the end of the volume.

THE WORLD OF MIND. An Elementary Work. By Isaac Taylor, Author of *Wesley and Methodism*. Harper & Brothers. 12mo. 378 pp. \$1.—Our first acquaintance with Mr. Taylor commenced with his *Physical Theory of Another Life*, and since then we have faithfully followed him through sundry volumes as they have come from the press—never without interest and profit. Even his *Wesley and Methodism* we hailed with deep interest, and rose from its perusal rejoicing that we had been permitted to scan the portraiture of Wesley and Methodism drawn by so skillful an artist, and who occupied a stand-point of observation so opposite to our own. Impressed, as we have been, with the high metaphysical order of Mr. Taylor's mind, expectancy whetted our appetite to unusual keenness for this volume. We confess that its perusal has hardly met our expectations. There are instances of nice discrimination, of keen analysis, of broad generalization, of forcible illustration, and of powerful logic; but, as a whole, it is not the masterpiece of Isaac Taylor. He first discusses metaphysics, including ultimate, mixed, and concrete abstractions; also the sense of fitness and order, and the grounds of certainty in relation to metaphysical speculation. The physiology of mind—its relations to matter, and its manifestations in those relations—is next made the theme of extended discussion. Finally, he considers the science of logic, not in the technical sense of the word, but comprehending mainly the method of reasoning proper to different subjects. Our space will not allow us to say more. Nor need we; for all who have a taste for metaphysical discussions will at once avail themselves of whatever comes from so celebrated an author on such a subject. Others will not be very likely to either touch the book or the subject.

PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

NORTH BRITISH REVIEW, for February, 1858, contains, 1. Stanhope's History—Walpole and Pulteney. 2. Naples, 1848—1858. 3. Scottish Natural Science. 4. Logic of Induction—Mill. 5. Arnold and his School. 6. Proverbs Secular and Sacred. 7. Rambles of a Naturalist, etc. 8. Capital and Currency. 9. Poetry—The Spasmodists. 10. Recent Publications. This is a capital number.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, for the same month, contains, 1. The Condition of Women. 2. What will he do with it? by Pisistratus Caxton—Part IX. 3. People I have never Met. 4. Lord St. Leonards's Handy Book on Property Law. 5. Zanzibar; and Two Months in East Africa. By Captain Burton. 6. Thorndale; or, The Conflict of Opinions. 7. The Poorbeah Mutiny—The Punjab—No. II. 8. A Familiar Epistle from Mr. John Company to Mr. John Bull. Both the above are published by L. Scott, 79 Fulton-street, New York city, at \$3 a year each, or \$5 for the two. No American scholar

should be without Mr. L. Scott's republication of the four English Quarterlies. The four and Blackwood may be had for \$10.

THE ANNUAL REPORTS of the Missionary, Sunday School, and Tract Societies have been issued. Every preacher, at least, ought to possess himself of a copy. They make a bulky pamphlet of about 400 pages.

THE FIFTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY, of New York city, C. L. Brace, Secretary. Office, 11 Clinton Hall, Astor Place. This Society, since its organization, has provided homes for nearly 3,000 children. During the last year it provided homes for 268 boys and 200 girls. Of these 328 were provided for in the west. The report is worth perusing, and may be had gratis by all who desire it.

FIFTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE NEW YORK OPHTHALMIC HOSPITAL.—The number of cases relieved in this in-

stitution during the past year is 1,043. Drs. Mark Stephenson and John P. Garrison are the attending physicians. This institution has had a gradual but sure growth.

LAWRENCE UNIVERSITY.—Eighth Annual Catalogue—Rev. E. Cooke, D. D., President, assisted by seven professors. Students—undergraduates, 75; preparatory, 109; total, 184. The Female Collegiate Department is under the principalship of Rev. F. O. Blair, A. M., assisted by four teachers. Undergraduates, 64; preparatory, 96; total, 160. Grand total, 344.

THE FAITHFUL SERVANT REWARDED, is the appropriate title of an excellent sermon preached on the occasion of the death of Bishop Waugh, in the Union Methodist Episcopal Church, Philadelphia. By Rev. Joseph Castle, D. D. It was delivered and published at the request of the Preachers' Meeting of Philadelphia, and is a worthy tribute to a great and good man.

Literary Correspondence.

JOURNALISM IN ENGLAND.

Public Advertiser in 1773—Expenses fifty years later—Cost of publishing a daily now—Paper started by Murray—Public Ledger—Morning Advertiser—Daily News—Mr. Dickens—Activity in publishing—Mr. Peel's great speech—Newspaper rivalry—Rank of the News—The Post—The Flunkies' organ—Political transformations—The Herald—Mrs. Tarrant—Ministerial Twins—The Chronicle—An evening paper started in 1791—The Sun—John Taylor—Management of an evening paper.

In 1773, a year after the publication of the last letter of Junius, the expenses of the *Public Advertiser*, at that time a first-class newspaper, possessing a great reputation for enterprise and ability, amounted to but \$4,000 per annum; of which sum \$500 was paid for translations of foreign news, \$100 for subscriptions to foreign periodicals, and \$150 for subscriptions to English papers.

Fifty years later, in 1821, the annual expenses of a London evening paper amounted to \$30,000 per annum; while those of a morning daily, with strictest economy, could not be brought within \$45,000; and a first-class paper, to keep up its standing, required the expenditure of at least \$70,000 per annum. This was the total annual expenditure, inclusive of stamp and other duties.

At the present day the sum per annum expended by one of the leading dailies of London is not less than \$150,000, *exclusive* of stamps and paper duty.

At this rate we cease to wonder that England's capital does not support more daily papers. The necessity of having in hand some \$200,000 before the first number is printed; the prospect that the greater part of this sum must be absorbed in a few months in the necessary current expenses of the establishment; the difficulty of collecting the right men to perform the necessary literary labor—such prospects are calculated to damp the ardor of journalistic enterprise. This accounts for the fact that the now existing London dailies enjoy, so to speak, a monopoly of the newspaper market, and are likely to maintain this, at least till the removal of the paper duty shall remove one great obstacle to the success of smaller journalistic ventures.

During the present century only two or three attempts have been made to create new political journals. Between 1825 and 1830 a paper established to rival and break down the *Times* underwent several transformations, becoming successively the *Day*, the *New Times*, and the *Morning Journal*, without acquiring under any of these titles the public favor, or the means of a profitable existence. About the same period Murray, the celebrated book publisher, who had intimate business relations with the chief literary men of the time, conceived that with their assistance he would be able to eclipse all the papers of the day. He established, at great expense, the *Representative*, to which D'Israeli, among others, contributed, and which appears to have been, during the short period of its existence, a kind of paradise for the happy few possessed of literary fame. Mr. Murray was glad to give it up at the end of a few months, with a loss of nearly \$80,000. A few years later, in 1836, some radical writers endeavored to transform the *Public Ledger* into a full-sized political paper, under the title of the *Constitutional*. They gave it up, having lost some \$30,000 by the operation. The *Public Ledger* yet exists, and is now in its eightieth year. Its pages are devoted exclusively to commercial and shipping intelligence; and as every merchant is bound to see the paper, all find it a profitable paper for advertisements. Hence it has a secure circulation, without being forced into expensive efforts to obtain the varied stock of news which makes the more important dailies valuable; and the *Ledger*, while insignificant, realizes its proprietors a very handsome income.

Since the first appearance of the *Morning Advertiser*, in 1793, only one daily paper has succeeded in triumphing over all difficulties, and maintaining its ground in London. This is the *Daily News*, started in 1846. At starting this paper displayed great brilliancy. Several of its writers had been engaged upon the *Chronicle*. They were consequently well acquainted with their work, and, in spite of some expensive errors, avoided most of the faults which overthrow enterprises of this nature. Mr. Dickens published in it a series of articles, and the

other writers were not unworthy of their *collaborateur*. Its opinions in politics and religion were decidedly liberal, but by no means exaggerated; they were defended with vivacity and talent, but at the same time with a moderation and good taste not usually met with in the English press. Excellent critiques, careful articles on the laboring classes and the manufacturing districts, gave great variety to the paper, and rendered it extremely valuable. Either through the exhaustion of the subject, or economy, all this part of the *Daily News* disappeared to make room for reports of the Reform and Parliamentary Association, and other uninteresting matter. Mr. Dickens left the paper to start a magazine of his own, and there is reason to believe that many other writers followed him, for the *Daily News* lost its literary value in great measure.

Meantime, the paper, which contained eight pages, as the others, to gain notoriety and purchasers, displayed great activity, and its publishers performed some remarkable feats. Thus, during that memorable sitting of Parliament when Sir Robert Peel developed his financial plan, and proposed the abolition of the Corn Laws, the minister finished speaking between two and three o'clock in the morning, and at five o'clock the *Daily News* was for sale in London, containing *in extenso* the Prime Minister's speech; while at eight it reached Bristol and Liverpool, by special train; at midday it was in Scotland; and by ten o'clock the next morning it was for sale in Paris. The Northern railway was not then in existence.

Such rapidity in printing and distributing a paper was unprecedented in England. At the end of six months, when the paper had proved its vitality and made for itself a character, it was suddenly reduced from eight to four very closely-printed pages, and sold at two and a half pence. This attempt at making a popular low-priced newspaper raised a storm against the *News* which was of service to it. But the resentment of the other papers extended beyond words. The *Times* undertook to prove by calculation that at the reduced price the *Daily News* could not sustain itself. This point was to all purposes granted when the *News*, in January, 1847, raised its price to three pence. At this rate it struggled on for two years, and, by dint of its superior cheapness, maintained for awhile a circulation of 23,000. Finally the lack of advertising patronage brought it down.

A circumstance which had assisted the *News* at its outset finally aided in bringing about its defeat. At the time it was started the *Times* and *Herald* were engaged in a tremendous struggle. By means of very considerable sacrifices and an enormous outlay, the *Times* had succeeded in accomplishing what the Government had been unable to do: it had organized a monthly service of dispatches between England and India, *via* Suez and Alexandria. To lessen an expense which amounted to £10,000 a year, the *Times* offered to share its information with the *Post* and *Chronicle*, on condition that they would pay their quota of the expense. The *Herald* was excluded from this arrangement; but the proprietor, an enterprising and active man, not only resolved to have messengers like the *Times*, but even to outstrip his rival. Being assured of the assistance of the French Government, he established a system of postal relays between Marseilles and Boulogne; he also purchased from the Commercial Company one of its best steamers—the *Ondine*—which had orders to go out of Boulogne port every

low water, and keep its fires constantly burning, to carry across against wind and tide the Indian dispatches ten minutes after their arrival. Through these extraordinary means the *Herald* beat the *Times* on several occasions; but as a single paper could not bear such heavy expense, it went halves with the *Daily News*. It was most advantageous for the new paper to find a ready-made organization, and the victories of the *Herald* profited it as well; but the *Times*, which was determined to crush the *Daily News*, as representative of the cheap press, opened negotiations with the *Herald*. One night the *Daily News* received proofs of the Indian news too late to use them, and found the next day in the *Times* and *Chronicle* the same news as in its ally. The following month the *Times* messengers having gained the advantage, the *Times* fraternally gave a proof to the *Herald*, and the *Daily News* alone appeared without the Indian news. The defection of the *Herald* was manifest, and led to a rupture. The *Daily News*, instead of struggling two against three, found itself one against four. Under these circumstances it was impossible to keep to its price. On the 1st of February, 1849, it returned to its old form and price; henceforth, the coalition which had been formed against it was objectless, its adversaries opened their ranks to it, and ended a contest which was onerous to all parties. No attempt to establish a full-priced journal has been made since the *Daily News*.

The depreciation of matter and character in the *Daily News* was supposed to have been owing to the employment, as its senior editor, of Mr. Knight Hunt, a man of narrow and mediocre mind and strong prejudices. At his death, in 1855, his post was given to Mr. Weir, who brought with him several talented young men. Since then the paper has again taken a front rank for ability. Its correspondences have been largely developed. During the Russian war its Crimean correspondents made it well known. At present it has generally the earliest information from Naples, Rome, and Turin, and devotes itself, more than any of its brethren, to Italian affairs; also its money articles are much valued in London.

The *Post* is, and has always been, the Tory paper. It is the unbending defender of all overthrown legitimacies, and is the favorite journal of the fashionable aristocracy and the *beau monde*, whence it receives the earliest confidences as to fetes and great marriages, etc. The space set apart in other papers to politics is devoted by the *Post* to reports of the doings of the Court, accounts of races and hunts, and reviews of books and magazines—all information addressed to the upper classes and their hangers-on. By these relations with the great world, and by the friendship of the various representatives of foreign powers in London—who used it, so to speak, as their organ—the *Post* has long prospered. From *Punch* it received the name of the *Flunkies' organ*, and the *Jeames* of the *Post* has been the aim of some of the wittiest shafts of that merciless satirist. Some seven years ago a singular change came over the paper. It was naturally opposed to the Whigs and to Lord Palmerston; yet it was discovered one morning that its editor had been appointed to a lucrative diplomatic post. The paper remained Tory in politics and Protectionist in theory; but it has since been the assiduous defender of Palmerston and his foreign policy, and is at present regarded as the organ of that statesman.

The *Herald* was Whig at the outset. Patronized by the Prince Regent, it followed him through all his changes

of views, and ended by becoming Conservative when its protector ascended the throne. The *Herald* was the implacable opponent of Catholic Emancipation and Parliamentary Reform. Mr. Thwaites, who became the proprietor in 1826, made considerable sacrifices to improve the editorial department, and largely increased the circulation of the paper. He left it to his daughter, Mrs. Tarrant, a species of blue-stocking, who interposed personally in the management of the paper, and inserted numerous articles of her own writing. This untoward assistance gained the *Herald* the ironical compliments of the other papers, and the surname of Grandmamma, which the *Times* maliciously gave it in a celebrated series of articles. From Mrs. Tarrant the *Herald* passed to Mr. Baldwin, without altering its views; and when Sir Robert Peel broke with his own party, by proposing the abolition of the Corn Laws, the *Herald* remained for several months the only morning ministerial paper. The *Standard*, which also belonged to Baldwin, naturally followed the same line, and the Opposition press never wearied of comparing its two adversaries to Castor and Pollux, and christened them the Ministerial Twins. On the Whigs gaining power, in 1846, the *Herald* again enlisted beneath the Conservative and Protectionist banner; it has cleverly and persistently supported Lord Derby and Disraeli in their campaigns against Lord John, and was the recognized organ of the last Tory ministry. The *Herald* is now published as the "avowed organ of the Conservative party;" while the *Standard* is a first-class daily at half the price of the other dailies.

The *Chronicle* was for fifty years the organ of the Whigs, and owed a long course of prosperity to its connection with that party. It attained its apogee in 1834, after the conquest of Catholic Emancipation and Reform, when the *Times* for a few months abandoned the Liberal party for Sir Robert Peel's first and ephemeral cabinet. Many readers of the *Times* then passed over to the *Chronicle*, which largely increased its circulation. This great prosperity was, however, of short duration. In 1849 the paper was purchased and placed under the influence of Gladstone and Sydney Herbert, and became the sharpest advocate of the Whigs, whom it had so long supported. About this time the *Chronicle* devoted great attention to literary matters, and in 1852 published a series of most valuable and interesting articles on religion, education, and the state of the laboring classes. After a most promising four years it fell back to commonplace, and at present is edited entirely by one man, who becomes, in turn, politician, statistician, financier, and lawyer, and exhausts himself by his impossible task.

As the post, during the last century, left London only at the close of the day, it soon occurred to a newspaper proprietor that an evening edition, publishing half a day's more news, and reaching the country simultaneously with the morning papers, would be a profitable investment. The first evening paper was started in 1727, and published thrice a week. The *Star* was the first evening daily; a second was started in 1791; and the number has increased to five. Daniel Stuart was the first who fell upon the system of publishing repeated editions. When Bellamy assassinated Percy two editions exhausted the news, but did not satisfy the public demand. A third was accordingly struck off with this "additional news:" "We stop the press to announce to our readers that the bloodthirsty assassin has just refused to let himself be shaved." The edition had a large sale.

The *Sun*, established in 1792, was for a long time the best of the evening papers. It made itself a name by the fullness of its reports of Parliamentary debates; supplying, by dint of superior celerity in its reporters and compositors, in its third edition, published at 10 o'clock, P. M., the debates in full up to half past nine. In 1812 the *Sun* became the property of William Jerdan and John Taylor. Jerdan, a friend of Canning, was a man of talent and good sense, but deficient in taste, and but an average writer. He had sound views in politics—he even possessed knack and gayety—but his pleasantry was always deficient in lightness. His partner, John Taylor, was a little, thin, badly-built man, of whom George Colman said that his body would have fitted any sort of legs, and his legs any sort of body, but that neither legs nor body matched. Gay, sharp, sparkling, never at fault for anecdotes, puns, and *bon mots*, inseparable companion of all the artistic and literary celebrities London boasted, he was king of the side scenes and lion of supper parties. An easy and inexhaustible improviser, he had always a prologue or epilogue at the service of any director, and could rhyme a compliment to a prima donna, and with equal facility make an epigram on a rival. The slightest event, the least challenge, set his muse in action, but the difficulty was to check it. This was his misfortune, for no serious idea could lodge in the head of this intelligent man; and though he was on terms of intimacy with the leaders of the Tory party, his daily contact with these celebrated men left no trace on his mind. A mixture of ignorance and learning, he had at his fingers' ends the history of the English stage, and yet was ignorant of his country's geography. Once when his wife went for a tour to Scotland, Taylor wrote a ballad, in which he saluted Scotland as, "Hail, sister island!" He wrote his articles, like his ballads, off-hand, and from the inspiration of his fancy; and when Jerdan tried to interfere in behalf of their mutual interests, a quarrel was the result.

The evening papers are, of course, much less expensive than the morning papers; requiring a smaller number of reporters, fewer correspondents, and a news agent at each of the ports where mails arrive. This agent does not wait till the steamer has entered port. As soon as it is signaled within sight, he goes out to meet it, receives his letters and papers, reads them while returning, and, on landing, sends off a telegram to London of the news brought from the Peninsula, the United States, Brazil, or the colonies. When General Paredes, on being expected from Mexico, came to England, he took passage *incog.* on board the West India steamer which runs to Southampton. The tide not being favorable, the steamer had to wait some hours before it could enter the docks and land its passengers. Paredes fancied that his *incognito* had been strictly maintained. What was his surprise, then, on landing, to hear the news-venders shouting, "Important news from Mexico—Arrival of Paredes at Southampton!" While the steamer was going up the Solent, the news it brought had been sent to London, printed, and sent back to Southampton. This summary of news, whose details will be published in the morning papers, and the electric dispatches sent after the appearance of the *Moniteur* from Paris, and from Brussels after the arrival of the Berlin mail, form the chief interest in the evening papers for merchants and speculators.

Some of the aspects of English journalism in the present day will be noticed in a subsequent paper.

New York Literary Correspondence.

Philosophy of Every-Day Life—Meaning of this Soliloquy—Dr. Francis's Address—Influence of the Revolution on the Faith and Morals of the American People—The Christian Heroes who "stayed the Plague"—Joseph Pilmore—Francis Asbury—Dr. Coke—Dr. Francis on the Progress of Methodism—The National Magazine—Causes of Failure—A Curious Passage in Literary Affairs—The City.

THERE is a great amount of philosophy in every-day life, and many most comprehensive maxims of wisdom find expression in the conversation of those to whom the world is but little accustomed to look for instruction. And as wisdom is not confined to the learned, so sophistry, the counterfeit of true wisdom, is as wide-spread as the reality. I have often amused myself by noticing people's processes of generalizing on matters of fact. Two or three facts are found to lay in a given line, and hence a general rule is deduced; after which all opposing facts are made to support the assumed law of sequence by authority of the sophistical maxim—*exceptio regulam probat*. Biblical critics tell us that all particular texts must be interpreted "agreeable to the analogy of faith," and weather-wise grand-dames assert that "all signs of rain fail in times of drought." A certain country parson steadily refused to pray for rain, though importuned to do so, declaring it quite useless, so long as the wind continued as it was. Now, these are exceedingly convenient maxims, and they are only specimens, with corresponding ones in other departments of philosophy, and they prove that human wisdom is eminently utilitarian in its operations.

I have been forcibly reminded of these things by noticing a variety of attempts to explain existing facts, and to prognosticate future results. During the last summer every body was confident of the continued prosperity of the financial affairs of the country; but now multitudes stand ready to show the causes of the panic and collapse. An unusually warm winter has followed an extremely cold one, and not even "E. M.," of "Brooklyn Hights," can give any better explanation of the case than that sometimes the movements of the elements become especially anomalous. In whatever depends on human conduct and characters, we expect capriciousness as a general law, and individual inconsistencies are consistencies on a larger scale. Hence there is no good cause for surprise at seeing the champion of a celebrated political campaign of a few years since, now doing battle against his former coadjutors; nor is the fact of his changed relations to be taken as any evidence that he has changed his position; for as men are habitually inconsistent with themselves, it is more probable that many should change and one stand fast, than the opposite. In the details of life's affairs, skepticism is the necessary result of intelligent philosophizing; though as to the great principles of both physical and social science, there are fixed and immutable verities so clearly ascertained, that they may safely be made bases for our convictions, and laws to regulate our actions and expectations. Now, all this soliloquy means nothing in particular—only I've been thinking.

When writing to you some months since, we noticed the then recently-delivered address of Dr. Francis, at the

opening of the new hall of the Historical Society, and half way promised to recur to the subject when the address should appear in print. The address is before us, in a pamphlet of over two hundred and fifty pages, filled with interesting and highly-valuable matter. Though much has been recently done to rescue our early civic history from oblivion, much still remains to be done; and the personal reminiscences of such men as Dr. Francis, who have seen the growth of the city from the condition of a third-rate provincial town to its present metropolitan proportions, must be chiefly relied on to fill up the chasms of its unwritten history. His, too, has been no merely superficial observation, but all has been contemplated with the eye of a philosopher and the heart of a philanthropist. No other portion of this sketch is more truly interesting than his references to the moral and religious condition of the city during the period of his early manhood—the first years of the present century. Our social history for that period is unwritten, and though the materials from which it might be constructed are attainable, its execution would demand no common order of abilities. In this address the subject is rather spoken of than discussed, and yet the remarks are suggestive and interesting.

The war of the Revolution unquestionably exerted a most unfriendly influence upon both the religious faith and the morals of the American people; and this evil tendency was afterward increased by the circulation of the works of the infidel writers of Europe, and most of all by those of Thomas Paine, and the whole at length reached its fullest measure under the influence of the French Revolution. So powerful was this evil influence that religion became a term of reproach and ribaldrous scoffings, and assent to its pretensions to a divine origin was treated as the perfection of superstitious folly. But in that hour of peril the clergy of the city proved themselves to be equal to the emergency. "The pulpit," says the orator, "so often and so effectively the means of relief of private sorrow, now waged uncompromising war, with her thunderbolts from heaven, to rescue their only precious book, as Mason called the Bible, from the consuming influence of Atheism." Among the Christian heroes who, in that hour of the power of darkness, stood forth and "stayed the plague," honorable mention is made of Livingston of the Reformed Dutch Church, Rodgers and Mason of the Presbyterians, Provost of the Episcopalians, Forster of the Baptists, Asbury of the Methodists, and Kunze of the German Lutherans. To these venerable men our citizens of the present generation owe an untold debt of gratitude.

Among the personal recollections of the clergy of the olden time a very full share of notice is taken of the fathers of our own Church. Perhaps I can not do better than to extract a few paragraphs of this part for the use of your readers—the author is here speaking of his own personal memories:

"I was well acquainted with Joseph Pilmore and Francis Asbury; the former, with Boardman, the first regular itinerant preachers of this country, sent out by John Wesley. Pilmore was a stentorian orator. The latter—

Asbury—was delegated as general superintendent of the society's interests, and was afterward denominated Bishop. They were most laborious and devoted men, mighty travelers through the American wilds in the days of Oglethorpe. Pilmore finally took shelter in the doctrines of Episcopacy. Asbury was by no means an uproarious preacher. A second Whitefield in his activity, in his locomotive faculty a sort of Sinbad on land; wrapped up in his own ample corduroy dress, he bid defiance to the elements, like the adventurous pioneer journeying whithersoever he might. He had noble qualities, disinterested principles, and enlarged views. He has the credit, at an early date, of projecting the Methodist Book Concern, that efficient engine for the diffusion of knowledge throughout the land, and second to no other establishment of a like nature among us, save [that of] the Brothers Harper. No denomination has stronger reason to be grateful to individual efforts for its more enlightened condition, its increased strength, its literature, its more refined ministry, and the trophies which already adorn the brows of its scholars, than has the Methodist Church to Francis Asbury."

We can make room for only a part of the sketch of Dr. Coke, though the whole of it is full of interest:

"He was just fifty years old when I listened to him in the summer of 1797. He was a diminutive creature, little higher than is reported to have been the pious Dr. Watts, though somewhat more portly. He had a keen visage, which his aquiline nose made the more decided, yet with his ample wig and triangular hat he bore an impressive person. His indomitable zeal and devotion were manifest to all. An Oxford scholar, a clever author, and glowing with devotional fervor, his shrill voice penetrated the remotest part of the assembly. He discoursed on God's providence, and terminated the exercises with reading the beautiful hymn of Addison,

"The Lord my pasture shall prepare."

He dealt in the pathetic, and an adept in preaching might profit by Coke."

The further remarks on the growth and present status of Methodism are highly appreciative, and sufficiently laudatory to satisfy our utmost denominational self-complacency, and the amount of space given by this department would seem to have arisen from a conviction that hitherto it had not received full historical justice.

The affairs of your cotemporary and *confreere*, the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, seem to be not altogether satisfactory to its publishers, and the question is raised as to its discontinuance or modification in form or character. Their sole ground of complaint, so far as I am informed, is, that its sales are not sufficient to pay its expenses; but that fact very naturally suggests a further inquiry as to the cause of this limited demand. No one will pretend to charge it to any want of ability in its conductors, since the reputations of both the former and present editor rest on a firm foundation wholly independent of that work; nor, indeed, has either of them suffered by his relations to it, though probably they would have chosen success rather than partial failure.

It is an unthankful office to detect and point out the mistakes of other persons, and especially of one's own friends; but in this case something of the kind is demanded, and as it may be done without impeaching either the integrity or the competency of any one, it is hoped that it may be done without offense. The first and capi-

tal blunder was in its projection and early production. The project of issuing a monthly magazine was recommended to the General conference of 1852 by the Book Agents, and the scheme was adopted, and the publication ordered by that body. At the same time the former Agents retired, and new men were brought into their places, who, though confessedly good men of business, were necessarily unacquainted with the multifarious details of their new offices. Then the hot haste with which the new magazine was gotten out indicates a want of a proper estimate of the magnitude of the undertaking. Very little over a month intervened between the date of the order for its publication and of the election of an editor, and the date of the regular series of its numbers—though no previous preparations had been made for either its editorial or its financial prosecution.

The name selected always seemed unfortunate. In the case of an unknown candidate for popular favor, a name is a matter of no trifling importance; though time would have cured that, had all else gone right, for names at length receive their significance from those who bear them. It seemed a little out of order that a religious publishing house—one owned and managed by an ecclesiastical body made up exclusively of clergymen—should issue a "national magazine." But the name was just at that time especially *malapropos*, since the word "national" had just then received a new signification in political circles, and was made to express certain characteristics and relations not specially acceptable to the great body of those who were looked to as its chief supporters.

The place in the field of letters assigned the new magazine was not wisely selected. Harpers' New Monthly was then fairly in the field as a universal magazine of light literature and general reading, so that that department was fully occupied, though others of equal interest were, and still are, vacant; and yet in that single department our new magazine was located. Had it been made a repository for a strictly denominational literature, it would have met a confessed want of the Church, though it may be doubted whether that want is not steadily declining, so that the expediency of providing for it may be questioned. But I have no doubt that a first-class monthly, orthodox in doctrine, and evangelical in tone, and of the very first literary ability, is called for, and would be sustained by the reading public. The fact of its issuing from a denominational press would not prejudice its success, but rather give assurance to all intelligent and fair-minded persons of its Christian catholicity and conservative activity. Whether or not the season for giving the "National" that character and position is now past, is a question for the consideration of the parties concerned. That the case has been damaged by its past unsuccess can not be doubted; but I incline to think that it is not too late to recover its lost prestige, and, by making the work what it should be, at once to retrieve the losses of the past and achieve new honors for the future.

A curious passage in literary affairs has recently transpired among us. It is well known that ambitious young authors—and some not very young ones—are sometimes greatly solicitous to come before the public under the auspices of some great name in the world of letters, and that to effect this end all sorts of devices are resorted to, to find some apology for placing the great name upon a title-page. Distinguished writers are often annoyed

by the importunities of these *bored*, and are occasionally made the victims of still more offensive practices. Our distinguished countryman, Washington Irving, has been subjected to this kind of impositions beyond almost any other; for while the luster of his name makes it a desirable prize, his good-nature, and especially his sympathy toward young authors, makes him an easy prey to their practices. A good many amusing stories could be told of his affairs with the literary "confidence men;" but the present case is on a larger scale than most, and the play has quite a succession of acts. The whole affair is briefly this:

A few weeks since a new novel was issued by Peterson & Company, of Philadelphia—"Sartaroe" by title, and purporting to be written by "James A. Maitland, author of, etc., etc." Fronting the title-page of the book was an engraved letter of commendation, purporting to be a *fac-simile* of one addressed by Mr. Irving to the author, who had examined the work in manuscript. It is often said that literary men are characteristically modest; and certainly I would not question the position, though I know they habitually sound their own trumpets, or, at least, re-echo the notes when sounded by others; nor do I see why an autograph letter may not be used for that purpose as legitimately as garbled extracts from newspapers. The publishers of "Sartaroe" judged that it needed a patron to introduce it to the public, and surely who could blame them if for this service they accepted the proffered kindness of the sage of Sunnyside?

But now the second act of the drama opened. Mr. G. P. Putnam, as Mr. Irving's publisher, came out with a card denouncing the pretended Irving letter in "Sartaroe" as a forgery. Then followed the war of "cards," with accompanying criminations and attempted reconciliations. The one party persists in denying the authenticity of the letter so ostentatiously paraded before the public; and the other stoutly declares that Mr.

Irving did write a letter to the author, couched in highly-flattering language. Meanwhile the announcement of the new book is emblazoned in the papers, with the name of Mr. Irving at its head in large capitals, to catch the public eye, and help the sales. The copy-right of the work, it appears, passed out of the hands of the author some six months since, and its publication took place without his supervision; he therefore disclaims all responsibility in the case, and professes entire ignorance of the authorship of the surreptitious letter—thus throwing the whole affair upon the publishers, who have not yet deigned to inform the public whence and how they obtained it. I have been looking among the old dramatists to find out a name for this play. While looking at Mr. Irving's part of it, "The Good-Natured Man" seemed most suitable; but in respect to the parts acted by the publishers, "She Stoops to Conquer" seems more suitable. But considering it as a whole, no other so well describes as "Much Ado About Nothing;" for "Sartaroe," like many other renowned *casus belli*, appears to be as nearly nothing as most of its kindred.

All-fools'-day, as the first of April is sometimes facetiously designated, finds our goodly city as dusty as midsummer, with a deep blue sky above and a green earth around it. "The winter is gone and past"—for we have really had a winter—"and the time of the singing of birds has come." Business is reviving quietly and timidly, as the villagers of the Apennines come out from their hiding-places after the banditti have passed by. People have learned the folly of recklessness in business; but they will probably soon forget what they have thus learned. The religious interest which pervades the whole country seems to pulsate in its fullest power in this great heart of the nation. The newspapers will give you its facts; it is yet too soon to discuss its philosophy or to estimate its results. Both are themes altogether worthy of the most studious and careful examination.

Mirror of Apothegm, Wit, Repartee, and Anecdote.

FACEIOUSNESS OF DR. CHALMERS.—The celebrated Dr. Chalmers, with the lofty grandeur of his thoughts and the deep, solemn intonations of his voice, nevertheless had a vein of facetiousness in his composition. He records in his Journal the following adventure with a London barber:

"Wednesday, 26th. Started at nine, much refreshed. Got a hair-dresser to clip me—a great humorist; he undertook, at the commencement of the operation, to make me look forty years younger, by cutting out every white hair and leaving all the black ones. There was a very bright conversation of clever sayings that passed between us while the process was going on. I complimented his profession, and told him that he had the special advantage that his crop grew in all weathers, and that while I had heard all over the provinces the heavy complaints of a bad hay-harvest, his haymaking in the metropolis went on pleasantly and prosperously all the year round. He was particularly pleased with the homage I rendered to his peculiar vocation, and assured me, after he had performed his work, that he had made me at least thirty years younger. I told him how

delighted my wife would be with the news of this wonderful transformation, and gave him half a crown, observing that it was little enough for having turned me into a youthful Adonis. We parted in a roar of laughter, and great mutual satisfaction with each other."

THE BEST TIME TO FRET.—Two gardeners had their crops of peas killed by the frost, one of whom, who had fretted greatly and grumbled at his loss, visiting his neighbor some time after, was astonished to see another fine crop growing, and inquired how it could be.

"These are what I sowed while you were fretting," was the reply.

"Why, do you never fret?"

"I put it off till I have repaired the mischief."

"Why, then there's no need to fret at all."

"True; that's the reason I put it off."

EVIL COMPANY AND TOBACCO SMOKE.—Let you be ever so pure, you can not associate with bad companions without falling into bad odor. Evil company is like tobacco smoke, you can not be long in its presence without carrying away a taint of it.

Sideboard for Children.

THOUGH there is much to amuse in the quaint thoughts and quick wit of the little ones, there is also much to instruct. Many a lesson of wisdom may be suggested by their shrewd remarks. In many of their little questions there is a hidden wealth of significance. But, better than all, there is a high moral and spiritual use to which many of them may be applied. A brother minister says: "No page of the Repository do I read with more interest than the one containing the sayings of the little ones. I have made good use of some of them in our prayer meetings; the simplicity of the child's sayings often reach the proud heart. 'A little child shall lead them.'"

WANTED TO SAVE THEM FOR THE ANGELS.—Our little one asked us the other day "why God told Adam and Eve not to eat of that tree." "What do you think was the reason, daughter?" "I expect it had the best apples on it, and God wanted to save them for the angels." W.

MORE CRY IN HIS MOUTH.—I have a little nephew, a bright boy of three summers. Some of his sayings I think are worthy of a place in the Sideboard. One day he was crying, and his mother said, "Stop crying, Willie;" he instantly replied, "Willie can't stop; he's got some more cry in his mouth." H.

READ ON THE PLATE LIKE GRANDPA.—Little Charlie is a bright, roguish little fellow, of some four or five summers. A preacher boarded at his grandpa's last summer. One day his parents brought him to see his grandpa and ma. At the table, as usual, a blessing was asked, once by the preacher and the next time by grandpa. When Charlie went home next day, his pa and ma were surprised to hear him at the dinner-table demand them to "be quiet till I read on the plate, like grandpa and the preacher does." N. M. S.

DIRT FALL IN THEIR EYES.—The other day my little brother, of four years, after seeming to be in a deep study, asked, "Will every person rise up out of the graves at the last day?" Upon being told they would, he stood very thoughtfully for a few moments, and then said, "Well, every body's eyes will be full of dirt; for the dirt will fall right in their eyes and faces when they go to get up." A. L. E.

WHY DO N'T GOD MAKE ME GOOD?—We have a bright little boy, four years old, who daily surprises us with strange thoughts and questions. He has the most implicit confidence in his heavenly Father I ever saw exhibited by a child of his years. I had occasion to reprove him severely, and his greatest punishment is for me to say that I can not love a bad boy, neither will God. He sobbed for a time, and seemed to be in deep thought, and then asked, "Ma, why do n't God make me good? He knows that I do n't want to be a bad boy; I wonder why God do n't make me good."

I WISH BROTHER WOULD SHOOT THE JEWS.—Again: Clarence is very fond of looking at pictures, and will not rest till they are explained. There is one that seems to interest him deeply; it is the "Crucifixion of our Savior." He came to me with it the other day—he is well acquainted with the story of the cross—his little heart swelling, and tears filling his eyes, and every feature full of pity and indignation of his earnest face, and exclaimed, "Ma, it almost makes me cry! The bad, wicked Jews! I wish brother would take his gun and shoot them for putting nails in the Savior's hands and feet." Then added, confidently, "I guess God will fix them for it—won't he, ma?" A. L. R. D.

A CHILD'S DEFINITION OF BEARING FALSE WITNESS.—The following, Mr. Editor, has been told before, but will bear repetition:

At the examination of the children of an infant school, a little boy was asked to explain his idea of "bearing false witness against your neighbor." After hesitating, he said it was "telling lies;" on which the examiner said, "That is not exactly an answer. What do you say?" addressing a little girl who stood next, when she immediately replied, "It was when nobody did nothing, and somebody went and told of it." "Quite right," said the examiner, amid irrepressible roars of laughter, in which he could not help joining, the gravity of the whole proceeding being completely upset.

NEW EYES WHEN I GET TO HEAVEN.—My neighbor has a little boy eight years old—healthy in body and bright in intellect, but almost blind. Poor little boy! I saw him yesterday morning, as the bright sun was shining in through the partly-opened shutter, gazing intently toward the light, and moving a plaything up and down before his eyes, so as to enjoy the little glimmer of light made more sensible by the transition. "Little Eddie can't see," I said. "No, but ma says God will give me new eyes when I get to heaven." The tear started to my eye, and I could but respond, "Yes, Eddie will see when he gets to heaven."

The incident recalled the following lines, which, though your readers may have seen before, they will be glad to read again:

"Dear Mary" said the poor blind boy,
That little bird sings very long—
Say, do you see him in his joy,
And is he pretty as his song?

'Yes, Edward, yes,' replied the maid,
'I see the bird on yonder tree.'
The poor boy sighed, and gently said,
'Sister, I wish that I could see!

The flowers, you say, are very fair,
And bright green leaves are on the trees,
And pretty birds are singing there:
How beautiful for one who sees!

Yet I the fragrant flowers can smell,
And I can feel the green leaf's shade,
And I can hear the notes that swell
From those dear birds that God has made.

So, sister, God to me is kind,
Though sight, alas! he has not given;
But tell me, are there any blind
Among the children up in heaven?

'No, dearest Edward, there all see;
But why ask me a thing so odd?'
'O Mary, he is so good to me,
I thought I'd like to look at God!'

Ere long, disease his hand had laid
On that dear boy, so meek and mild;
His widow'd mother wept and pray'd
That God would spare her sightless child.

He felt her warm tears on his face,
And said, 'O, never weep for me;
I'm going to a bright, bright place,
Where, Mary says, I God shall see.

And you'll come there, dear Mary, too;
But, mother dear, when you come there,
Tell Edward, mother, that 't is you—
You know I never saw you here!

He spoke no more—but sweetly smiled,
Until the final blow was given;
When God took up that poor blind child,
And open'd first his eyes—in heaven."

An Editorial Paper.

THOUGHTS UPON THE GREAT REVIVAL.

At the moment of our writing a revival, wonderful in character, extent, and influence, is spreading over the land. Its progress and triumphs it is in vain to attempt to chronicle. The daily and weekly press, whether secular or religious, have been full of it for the past two months, and yet "the half has not been told." But while its details have defied computation or record, its principles—the elements and characteristics of the work—the divine philosophy of this triumph of Christianity—have challenged the notice and regard of the Christian philosopher. Our space will not allow us to even enter upon the details of this great work. We must content ourselves with a few "thoughts" upon some of its aspects.

1. *It is a revival.* A cotemporary has remarked that "revival" and "reformation" are the two words significant of Christian progress. But, though often confounded, they represent ideas widely distinct. *Revival* signifies *renewed life*. It indicates a quickening of internal powers which had been torpid—a resurrection from apparent death. The same articles of doctrinal faith and the same religious usages may be continued, but there is new life. On the other hand, *reformation* indicates a *re-forming*, a *reorganizing* process. It relates to external dogmas, to usages, forms, and modes of worship, as well as to the habits of life. It exists outwardly, while the former exists inwardly. Nor can it ever bring forth permanent and good results unless it is connected with—nay, unless it springs from a real revival of life in the soul. It is from this cause that mere moralists and philosophers have always failed to effect any permanent results for the moral good of our common humanity. They have failed to recognize the *vital* element of religion. They frame systems of intellectual philosophy; they write books upon morals; they tell mankind that virtue is better than vice; that it is profitable, decent, and becoming. They frame laws to sustain the Ten Commandments, build houses of refuge, and penitentiaries for punishment. Suppose this to be all right and necessary, on what foundation rest these morals and these measures? Where is the rock which will not be swept away by the winds and storms when they beat upon it? It is only when an *internal*, a *spiritual* life is developed, that lasting good is secured to us. He that builds on any other foundation builds upon the sand. He who contents himself with mere *reformation*, without *revival*, will find his plans abortive and his hopes deceptive as a dream.

This distinction we have not space to elucidate farther. But, from what we have said, it is easy to determine into which of these two classes the present religious movement will fall. On its topmost wave is borne along no Luther, thundering his anathemas against the sale of Popish indulgences; no Calvin, with cold and soulless logic, vindicating the "horrible decrees;" and no sturdy John Knox, pulling down the very nests of spiritual oppression, lest the frightened rocks should return to re-occupy them. There are no bickerings about creeds and doctrines, about forms and orders; but there is the development of a powerful element of spiritual life. One ban-

ner alone waves in the air; it is the banner of the cross. One grand doctrine—the creed of creeds—gathers around it all hearts and commands the assent of all intellects; it is that we have redemption by faith in the atoning blood of Jesus. We repeat it: it is not difficult to tell into which of these two classes the present religious movement will fall. It is eminently a quickening of the principle of spiritual life in the soul; it is a *revival*.

2. *It is not traceable to human instrumentality.* The Church had almost come to think that set forms of effort and specific labors were necessary to produce a revival of religion. It was thought necessary to send abroad for ministerial help, to get a popular preacher for a set effort; and then to have thrilling, exciting sermons, in order to get the people out and bring them under religious influences. Two evils were thus engendered in the Church: a distrust of the efficacy of the Holy Spirit to make efficient the ordinary means of grace, and too great a reliance upon mere human instrumentality. The present work of grace sets at naught all these popular notions of revival efforts. Look at a single fact. The most celebrated revivalists are in the fields in different parts of the country, but their success is no more, and scarcely equal to that of ordinary pastors with their Churches. Caughey, and Finney, and Knapp seem shorn of their strength, and have become like ordinary men. Nay, all their efforts and all their grandest successes are eclipsed by revivals which have sprung up and been carried on no one can tell how.

But this is not all. Agencies heretofore regarded as indispensable, and made the dependence of the Church, no longer stand out with their former prominence as effective causes. Preaching, for instance, was probably never better attended and never more relished than at the present; but in this great work it has been far from being the most attractive or effective means of grace. Meetings for prayer and exhortation—it is an acknowledged fact—have been most largely attended and productive of the greatest results. The spirit of prayer has been mighty and prevalent. Words of power have been given to the people; their lips have been touched with holy fire, and divine utterance has been given unto them. Probably we have depended too much upon preaching. *Sermonizing* and *pulpit declamation* have been in too great demand by the Churches; they have too much been put in the place of the Holy Spirit's work. God is now teaching us that men are saved "not by might, nor by power, but by his Spirit." And, again, ministers have not only been too much depended upon, but they have also been *overworked*. The spiritual gifts and talents of laymen have too often been left to be driled by inaction; the very soul's life of the Church has been almost smothered for want of ventilation, action. Now God is calling his people to *work*. He is visiting the market-places at each successive hour of the day, and to every idle lounging he says, "Go work in my vineyard."

But, above all, the development of the Spirit's power is worthy of our attention. Here is something of its Pentecostal energy. The "tongue of fire" is here. This was the symbol which announced to the Church, on the

day of Pentecost, the advent of her conquering power. How mighty this Pentecostal power! May it ever, ever tarry with the Church of Christ, inspiring all her energies, leading her forth to certain conquest, and hastening forward those "great voices" that shall proclaim through earth and heaven, "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ; and he shall reign forever and ever!"

3. *The deliberative character of the movement is remarkable.* Great excitement on any subject is apt to produce violent manifestation. Hence, our great revivals are often the occasions of much excitement, and of a religious feeling manifesting itself in powerful emotions, and sometimes in vehement expression and action. In this revival there seems to be a deep and settled conviction which takes complete possession of the soul. It moves the mass onward as by a steady and seemingly resistless power. There seems to be less of "strong crying and tears" than in most revivals, but somehow a solemn pervading influence, which arrests the sinner, convinces him of sin, and leads him at once to Christ. There is a coolness, a deliberation, and a decision on the part of both Christians and awakened sinners, which are remarkable. At the same time the experience of the converted is generally remarkably clear and satisfactory. The awakened sinner seems to apprehend at the very outset his lost and wretched condition, and also his refuge in the atoning blood of Christ; and guided by the Holy Spirit, he comes to that fountain, receives of the water of life, and his soul lives.

4. *The movement confounds the skeptic and the infidel.* Of late infidelity has assumed toward Christianity a patronizing aspect, admitting its historical truth—even the fact of its miracles, granting its inspiration, and lauding the character and mission of Christ—especially the moral virtue of his teachings and the humanitarianism of his spirit. Amazed at these laudations of the evangel, many an unsuspicious Christian has been led to exclaim, "What is Infidelity become a convert?" No, these have been sounding words. This laudation of Christianity has been made at the expense of its divinity. Its inspiration is human instinct; its miracles, human acts; its faith, a vague, undefined sentiment; and its spirit and teachings, a godless humanitarianism which ignores repentance, faith, and the cross of Christ. A cotemporary well remarks that the effect of this species of philosophy, so far as it is adopted, is to corrupt the practice of the Church. It flatters its excellence at the expense of its fidelity. In this country these doctrines have been adopted but by few, and in scarcely any of the seats of learning and education. Many of the public writers, however, are infected with them, and think the mystic philosophy of pantheism, or the easy virtue of the rationalists a happy alternative to the rigid doctrines of evangelical religion. They have got into the press, and thus we find the attacks on the Sabbath, the eulogies on the theater, and the denunciation of Puritanism. It is an attempt to reconcile the sensualities of the world with the piety of the Church.

To give point and effect to this insidious infidelity, it was claimed that "the Churches" have lost the spirit of Christianity and mistaken its true mission; that neglecting the real wants of man's nature, they expended all their energies in the maintenance of the dry formularies of creed and worship. The old organizations were represented as worn out—effete. It was boldly declared that

the human mind had become disgusted with "the old doctrines, which had been relished again and again for eighteen centuries, till they had become dry, withered, and void of nutriment." Some of our journals caught the infection, and not a few expressed serious alarms for the fate of vital Christianity. The old objections of infidelity had been answered; its assumptions stripped of their covering and their fraud exposed; and in the arena of this conflict infidelity had suffered a signal discomfiture. But how should this new and more insidious poison be checked? The timid were filled with apprehension. Some were ready even to confess that we should be compelled to give up some of our cherished views of Christ and the mission of the Gospel; that a reconstruction of our doctrines and doctrinal usages had become indispensable. They seemed to think that the very life of Christianity depended upon the learning, the reason, the logic, and the popular talent that could be enlisted for its defense.

The Church, before all candid men, has vindicated herself from the charges of neglecting the real wants of humanity, by her sympathy, her charities, her sacrifices, and her labors for the good of the bodies and souls of men. So that the voice of complaint has been silenced, or when reiterated by some moon-struck fanatic, recoils upon his own head.

At the same time the professed humanitarians—with their systems, which were vaunted as superior to the divine evangel, and which were to work the cure of all evil in the social organization, and render resplendent the human virtues—have been demonstrated to be the merest charlatans, practicing upon the credulity of their fellow-men. St. Simonism is proved to be a lying cheat; Fourierism a mocking delusion. The so-called "socialism," as a remedy for human ills, has been thoroughly tested, and its purest and best supporters have been compelled to give it up. They have found mere external and social reorganization utterly powerless when employed to cure moral maladies which have their origin deep in the moral nature, and not in the social relations of man. They had mistaken the diagnosis of the disease, and now are compelled to make confession of failure in the proposed remedy. Thus our very humanitarians, except those far gone in infidelity or deeply sunk in vice, have been compelled to come back to the Gospel of Christ as the only agency by which the amelioration of the condition of the race might be effected.

The other phase, more insidious in its character and more pernicious in its tendency, God has most sternly and gloriously rebuked in this great revival. Just at the moment when men were vaunting themselves of an apparent triumph over Christianity, God has taken hold of the religious sentiment of the human heart and stirred it up from its very depth. The victory already achieved for Christianity in the field of reason, of science, and of practical beneficence has been extended to a new field. Skeptics and infidels stand confounded at the spectacle, and nothing is left to them but to confess, as many of them have already done, "it is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes."

We have not found space to say all we desired, and may return to the subject at some future time. Here is a subject of study worthy of the Christian. The more we bring our intellects and our hearts into connection with it, the more will we discover in its divine philosophy to instruct and strengthen our faith.

Editor's Table.

SPONTANEITY.—The want of spontaneity, or of acting from native feeling, gives constraint to social intercourse. It makes many a person who has really a loving, generous heart, appear cold, and stiff, and formal. It checks the outflowing of genial sympathy, and often throws a chilling constraint over the intercourse of those most intimately related. When Mr. Hobbes said that by *spontaneity* is meant "inconsiderate action," he only partially expressed the idea; or, rather, perhaps we should say, he ingrafted upon it a *false* idea. It is not acting from *brute* impulse, but acting out the impulses of our higher nature—impulses sanctioned by the most refined and delicate taste. We are often placed, in our social and domestic relations, where the impulses of the heart would lead to the expression of tenderness, of sympathy, of joy; but a feeling of shyness, timidity, bashfulness, comes over us, and under its hot breath the fountain of spontaneous action is dried up. It is often from this cause that hearts yearning for sympathy, for love, for the bliss of intercourse with friends allied by *heart-ties*, so seldom have this desire gratified. They fail to express themselves, and consequently fail to awaken a corresponding interest. They see their error, feel it, blame the bashfulness that produced it, but still never obtain deliverance from it.

Upon the basis of a few facts of real and personal history, which many will recognize as parts of their own in some of its features—for it is a picture of *interior life*—Mrs. Jewett has drawn out a lesson which may be studied to great profit. We commend this lesson to our readers. Its study will do them good. The story is nothing—its details nothing, only as they develop a principle; but the lesson, so far as it shall develop true spontaneity of action in any one, will contribute to the social good and happiness of that individual.

CHILDREN PLAYING.—Let us see. The muscles in a boy or girl under six years of age, we are told by physiologists, are some four or five times more active than the muscles of full-grown persons. Hence their disposition to greater activity than men and women. The little fellow with stick in hand, has his father's "jacket" on, and is full of mischief, albeit we do not think he intends to strike his sisters very hard. If he could only have got possession of his father's boots and hat, then his figure would have been comical and complete. Let the boys and girls play—let them play a good deal. What if they now and then have a dirt speck on their cheek or apron! Good soap and water will bring the rosy skin to light in short order. Keep your boy or girl shut up in the house all the while, with a glimpse of the sunlight only through your window, and his health will go down; but let him have a romp daily in the field, or on the hill, or through the woods, and he will have instead an active circulation, a rosy cheek, and elastic limbs.

PASSAU is situated at the junction of the Inn and the Rhine with the Danube. It consists of three towns, namely, Passau, properly so called, between the Danube and the Inn, Innstadt, and Hlstadt. It was formerly the capital of lower Hungary. Though now an inconsiderable town

it is distinguished for its antiquity and for its historical importance. It was taken from the Romans by the Alemanni in the year 475. After it came under the dominion of the Franks it continued subject to the dukes of Bavaria till 999, when, by decree of Otho III, it was made subject to the bishop. It was "secularized" in 1805. The ever-memorable treaty of "pacification," or "the treaty of Passau," was concluded in this place. The parties to it were, on the one hand, Maurice, elector of Saxony, and, on the other, Charles V. This treaty, which was executed in 1552, has ever been considered by the German Protestants as the basis of their liberty—Charles V pledging himself in it to allow the Protestants full liberty of conscience. The fourth article in the treaty provided that all should enjoy the free and undisturbed exercise of their religion, and that this religious liberty should "continue always," if it should be found impossible to come to a uniformity in doctrine and worship. Alas! that after all, the people have been deprived of the essential elements of civil liberty! Though in many respects favorably situated for trade, the scene before us is probably a fair representation of the actual state of things. We scarcely need say it indicates a lack of the elements of substantial progress in art and enterprise.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—We must respectfully decline "Action," "The Two Views," "April," "Lines on the Death of Two Sisters," "Lines on the Death of M. L. C.," and "Signs of the Times."

A tribute to a brother by his sister comes within a range of articles we can not publish; and even if we could, this would be too long for our pages.

"Summer" was for a long time mislaid. The style of the composition is too sophomoric, but indicates powers which, with discipline and exercise, give good promise for the future.

We have a large number of articles on file—more than we can soon use. Our correspondents must be patient.

STRAY GEMS.—Old age, thine evening twilight, for him who has a Savior, blends so undistinguished with the sunrise, that there is scarcely a night between.

It is impossible that a believer can keep the profession of his faith steadfast, unless he keep the exercise of his faith constant.

When the flail of affliction is upon me, let me not be the chaff that flies in thy face, but let me be the corn that lies at thy feet.

As it sometimes rains when the sun shines, so there may be joy in a saint's heart when there are tears in his eyes.

Christian benevolence, like the meal-barrel of her that refreshed God's holy prophet, ever ministereth comforts to the needy, and still the supply is undiminished.

Hasty words rankle the wound which injury gives; but soft words assuage it, forgiveness cures it, and forgetting takes away the scar.

Some suppose it sufficient to let error alone if it seems to make no actual encroachments, and that the exhibition of truth will cause error to die of itself.

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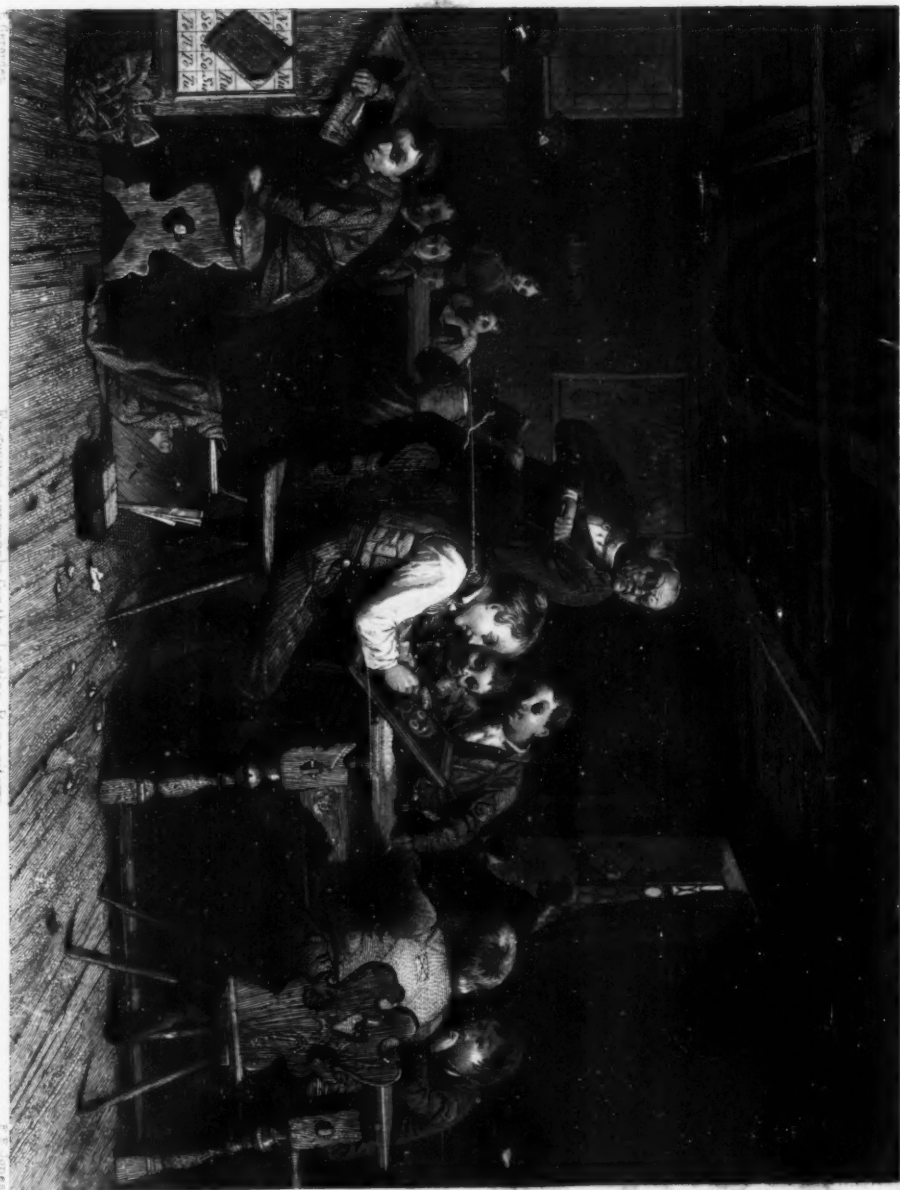
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